National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Pro-Slavery.

JOHN MITCHEL IN WASHINGTON.

From The Southern Citizen, Washington City, Dec. 4.

The Southern Citizen begins this day to be published in the Federal City, which purports for the present to be the legislative and executive metropolis of the "United States." We commence our labors on the eve of what will be a highly-exciting session of Congress; the "Democratic party" broken up into sections, a Northern and a Southern, or rather a Free Soil and a Constitutional, section; Central American and Mexican affairs approaching the critical point; a French and an English fleet in the Gulf to blow away the Monroe doctrine; Southern Legislatures eagerly discussing the slave trade; Kansas, fresh as ever, on the arena of national politics—not "settled," nor likely to be settled; Gen. Walker's emigrants debarred of their pass-age, and wondering whether they live in a free country; Senator Douglas making a tour in the South to pass the time until he shall be reelected Senator, and can descend upon the Democratic party at Washington as its pastor and master, with an olive-branch in one hand and a raw-hide in the other; an Administration high and dry upon the bleak rocks of Lecompton, having anchored itself upon the mere Constitution of the United States, in ignorance of the fact that this document is now superseded, or has received a new Northern interpretation undreamed of by the men who made it; such is the perplexed condition of affairs at the opening of this most tempestuous session.

The springing asunder of the "Democratic party" was not unexpected, nor unpredicted by us in *The Southern Citizen*. The line of Mason and Dixon, potent to sever the Christian Churches themselves, and the Bible Societies, divulsive even to the dividing asunder of the joints and marrow; this inevitable line could not fail to run through the Democratic party also. Clamped together by cunning compromises, draped with garlands of patriotic phraseology, smoothed over by a bright current of treasury gold, the ever-widening gap could not but yawn openly, impassably at last. Is it utterly beyond the skill of some political bridge-builder to arch over the chasm still? The "Union" being the paramount political good, is there not still, perhaps, something we can sacrifice, some part of our honor and dignity, some "theoretic abstraction," some portion of our title to sovereignty and land, home and hearth, for the sake of maintaining that sacred *E Pluribus Unum* of our fathers?

Undoubtedly some arrangement of the kind can be accomplished for the present. The North is by no means prepared to force the whole doctrine of Seward upon us at once; neither, indeed, is it very clear that the whole doctrine of Seward will ever be the doctrine of the North. They have too deep an interest there in the products of Southern labor to be willing to cut them off. It is sufficient for all Northern purposes to obtain political control over the Southern States, so that they, the Northerners, can guide and govern the measures of the Federal Government for their own profit. It is enough if they can compel us to buy everything they can make for us at the dearest rate, and transact all our own business with the rest of mankind by their commission houses, factories, banks and ships—villifying us all the while as a disgrace to a free country and a foul blot upon the otherwise stainless Yankee escutcheon. This kind of arrangement can still be effected, and the blessed Union of our fathers be preserved.

For example, the South can accept, if she chooses, Mr. Douglas, of Illinois, for her champion and leader against the Black Republicans. He is a statesman of most liberal phrasecology; he scorns the Black Republicans; he does not care, not he, whether people own slaves or not; in fact, he own slaves himself for the present; as a question of morals he will not hear the thing discussed; laughs at the "foul blot" on our national escutcheon; and tramples under his feet the theory of "no more slave States." It is not the theory, in fact, he cares for, nor any theory; it is the practice. Practically he kept out Kansas when she applied as a slave State under a fictitious pretence—practically he advises how Southern men may be, under the same fictitious pretence of "Popular Sovereignty," forever prevented from creating a slave State. In short, he is a Northern man and Senator; and the prudent North begin to see that they can trust him. He will do all that the North desires, if the South will but accept him, for the sake of the "union of the party and the Union of the States."

If the Southerners like this compromise, they can have it; and Mr. Douglas is the man to secure it. Be it so. We are not going to keep stirring them up with a long pole if they would rather fold their hands for a little more sleep and a little more slumber. Besides, we are well aware that, although the great bulk of the eighty million government expenditures goes to the North (as is natural), yet still there are many meritorious politicians, pipe-layers, wire-pullers and log-rollers at the South who pick and nimble at the Treasury. Particularly Virginia has the honor and advantage of having the claims of her statesmen admitted by all Administrations to such an extent as almost to place her on a level with Ohio. And we are told that so long as there are still some offices open to Southern men, and so long as Virginians can secure almost their share of plunder, it is in vain to importune the South about her dangers and her disgrace. She will neither see the one nor feel the other.

This is perhaps a mistake. There is considerable stir among the dry bones; and the word "compromise" begins to be three unpopular syllables at the South. We apprehend there are many Southerners thoughtful and vigilant of the signs of the times, anxiously this moment watching the movements of politics at Washington, and quite prepared for all hazards and extremes, rather than submit one hair-breadth further. To such we offer the aid and cooperation of this *Southern Citizen*. We devote it to the support of the Southern cause, the Southern cause in that form which our enemies call extreme, *ultra*, aggressive, &c., and, to save trouble, and let our readers see our whole hand at once, what we require on the part of the South is—

First: Repeal of all laws prohibiting the foreign slave trade, or imposing penalties thereon.

Second: Repeal of the law abolishing the slave trade in the District of Columbia.

Third: Absolute resistance to everything in the nature of a *Compromise* between North and South.

Fourth: Peremptory demand for the intervention of Congress, President and Supreme Court *for* slavery in all Territories, the moment a slaveholder brings his slaves there; in other words, intervention by the authorities to sustain the law and prevent robbery.

These four items include all. Up to a certain date—say till the —— day of ——, 186- —we are willing to labor for their attainment. If Southerners arouse themselves, they can attain them all, or else dissolve the Union. If they will do neither the one nor the other before that day, why, we, for our poor part, will decline to urge them further; we have no idea of making a Cassandra of ourselves, and disturbing a sleeping congregation with our dismal shrieks. It is sad to be always on the losing side; and we have had martyrdom enough. After the —— day of —— aforesaid, therefore, if we find the cause of the South still looking downward—if the people are seen still submitting to purchase slaves at eleven times their proper price—if the *stigma* of prohibition against buying and selling slaves in the Federal capital is still carried contentedly on the brow of the South, as if it were an honorable scar—why, in that case, we shall go North, and become an Abolitionist.

SOUTHERN SCHOOL BOOKS.

From The Augusta (Ga.) Constitutionalist.

AMONG a series of resolutions introduced in the Senate of Mississippi, by the Hon. Isaac N. Davis, of Panola, we copy the following:

"7. Resolved, That Southern authors and Southern school books should be encouraged by Mississippi and Mississippians."

While we notice with pleasure the labors of our Senators and Representatives in Milledgeville, the recommendations of Governor Brown, the giant efforts in that direction by Thos. R. R. Cobb, Esq., and hundreds of others, we seldom or never see anything in the way of promoting the education of the masses of our population, by recommending Southern authors and teachers, and Southern printed school books. The Southern Conven- ..s, which met at Knoxville and Montgomery, had some little to say or recommend in this way, but the subject seems to have been lost sight of in the mazes of the new plans brought forward to perfect a system of common school education.

It may be rather old-fogyish, but we have a decided preference for Southern and Georgia printed school books, rather than the Northern and Eastern commodity. The printing and binding of the school books now in use in the schools of Georgia and the South give employment to thousands of persons who are inimical to our institutions, and at the same time deprives an equal number of industrious men and women at the South of the same employment. Our printing establishments are, to that extent, deprived of work; our paper mills are not encouraged; and all the natural claims of the departments of industry among us, directly and indirectly interested, are disregarded.

We are gratified to see that Mississippi has had it declared in her Legislature that "Southern school books should be encouraged" in that State; but we would be more gratified to know that in Georgia Southern school book *were encouraged*.

What will our Legislature say about this matter? They appropriate much money every year for the cause of education, and it might be politic to determine that those appropriations should only go to counties or schools where Southern or Georgia printed school books were in use. If such a law were passed, a demand for Georgia school books would immediately be inaugurated that would add much to the industry, and very probably add greatly to the general interest which should be felt in relation to education. If the law would include our higher colleges and academies, a great reform would spring quickly into existence. Will the Legislature do it?

Selections.

THE COLORED PEOPLE OF CANADA.

From The Friends' Intelligencer.

CHATHAM, C. W., 8th Mo. 6th, 1858.

WE arrived at Chatham, C. W., on the 2d of the 8th month, 1858, whilst the colored people were celebrating the abolition of slavery in the British West Indies. We saw them returning from their various places of meeting, where we were informed many excellent speeches were delivered, both by white and colored people. Their orderly deportment would have done honor to any class of citizens; not a single inebriate was discovered amongst them.

We attended a fair in the evening, gotten up by the females, to aid in building a meeting-house, which was conducted with perfect order and decorum.

On the 3d, we made a number of calls on the colored inhabitants of Chatham, and found them comfortable and happy, equal in many respects to the same class amongst us.

On the 4th, we rode out about six miles north, to visit a school that had been located, within the last two years, in Chatham township, one and a half miles east of the Queen's highway, on the 7th Concession, by J. C. Brown, a colored man, one of our committee appointed, two years ago, in Chatham, C. W., for the purpose, a man of more than ordinary capacity and determination. This school was instituted in conformity to the last will and testament of Esther Moore, deceased, who left a perpetual annuity for the purpose. This school we found in a flourishing condition; the surrounding country, although a dense forest, is dotted here and there with log tenements, situated in small clearings, without much apparent comfort, either within or without, save in a few instances. The entrance is on the 7th Concession, but, owing to its being inaccessible, we had to pass through swamps, dense forests, by-ways and crooked paths to reach it.

There are now in attendance twenty-one scholars, and the teacher, a youth of 17 years of age, informed us that the neighborhood would afford 30 pupils. He is a youth of fine talents and good acquirements; he has the school in excellent order, and the improvement of the pupils, together with their neatness of appearance, surpassed our most sanguine expectations.

We met a large number of the parents of the scholars in convention, and consulted with them relative to its permanent settlement; when it was concluded that the parents should appoint annually three of their number to superintend the school, in conjunction with three trustees appointed by the trustees under the will; and in the event of their death, resignation or incompetency, the remaining trustees, with the three superintendents annually appointed by the parents, shall elect a successor, subject to the ratification of the trustees under the will.

The people of the township have called it the Moore school, in honor of its donor; they feel thankful in being thus cared for, and expressed themselves in the most grateful manner for the blessing conferred upon them. Thus shines the light of that noble-hearted philanthropist, whose greatest desire on earth was to be found in the fulfilment of that law of "doing unto others as we would they should do unto us." She may truly be said to have been the friend of human kind, and, above all, of the downtrodden and enslaved Africans. In this cause her labors were unremitting; no effort was too great to be made for their good, for which she suffered much persecution; but her memory will ever be warmly cherished by those whose hearts beat in unison with her own in the cause of freedom and humanity.

We dined on the settlement with a colored woman, who formerly resided in Philadelphia; her husband was absent; she is a genteel, lady-like woman, of great fortitude, carrying on the farming operations, with the assistance of a lad 14 years of age, during her husband's official absence. We returned to Chatham in the afternoon, and in the evening held a large and satisfactory meeting in the colored Methodist meeting-house.

On the 5th, we visited the Elgin settlement at Buxton, established by Prof. Wm. King, under the auspices of a company, who have purchased a tract of nine thousand acres in a body, and are selling to colored fugitives and others at cost, with ten years to pay for it. This gentleman moved from one of the Southern States, with 18 slaves, whom he manumitted and settled on this domain. It lies 15 miles south of Chatham; the land is a cold, wet, clay soil, timbered heavily with beach, elm, oak, &c. There are about 250 families located on the reservation, containing about 800 inhabitants. They are honest, and no intemperance exists amongst them; some having been here about eight years, others a much shorter period; many have from five to fifteen acres of land cleared; a few more, who possessed means. The principal settlers have gone in without anything to depend upon but their own hands, having to work day's work to procure the necessaries of life, and they embrace every opportunity their necessities would afford to clear their lots and prepare them for crops. Their houses are built of logs, roughly covered, having but little appearance of comfort to us, but they made no complaint, but toil on in good spirits, looking forward to better days, and the inheritance of freedom and elevation in a land that knows no distinction of color, preferring their present condition to slavery, or caste, that is recognized in the land of our boasted liberty. Whilst this is the condition of most, there are others better off, such as tradesmen or those that came in with means to improve their possessions. Yet they find their situation different from what they were accustomed to, save the boon of freedom, and prospect of elevation in the scale of human existence, as men possessing the inalienable right of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

There are schools established on this settlement for the education of children irrespective of color.

We had a large gathering of the inhabitants in the evening, and satisfactory opportunity of imparting good counsel. We had satisfactory interviews with Prof. King, the agent of the establishment; he is a man of benevolence, and, we believe, is endeavoring to promote the condition of the emigrants with feelings of philanthropy.

We find the views of the people of color, as well as the philanthropists among the whites, decidedly opposed to assistance being sent in from the United States, fearing it will create a state of dependence, more to be dreaded than the temporary wants of a few.

J. WILSON MOORE.
RACHEL WILSON MOORE.

Since our communication of 8th month last, we have visited several settlements of colored people in C. W. On our arrival at New London, we found a large number residing in that city. My wife, accompanied by two friends, visited several of the families, in order to ascertain for herself their real condition. (Being unwell, I was unable to accompany her.) All she saw or heard was favorable to their moral and intellectual condition; their houses possessed an air of neatness and comfort, and some have accumulated considerable substance. The history many gave of their escape from boudage was heart-rending—being frequently pursued by their oppressors with dogs and guns; and some of them, being caught and carried back, had to endure the tortures of the lash. Nevertheless, the desire of freedom that burned as a fire in their breasts was too precious to be abandoned short of another effort to gain those inalienable rights which God and nature had ordained for them in their creation. With sighs and tears did they give forth their sad narratives. One mother, pointing to her child, said, "This one I brought from the far South, in my arms, or on my back, through forests and glens, over morasses and tangled woods, enduring cold, starvation and toil too sad for contemplation. On one occasion our little band became separated, in our efforts to escape our pursuers, and for three days and nights I wandered in the dense forest without food, not knowing we should ever meet again; but, pressing onward through the darkness of the night, and secreting myself in the thick woods by day, I at last met my husband, and we joined our company in Detroit, without either having had any knowledge of the other's wanderings." The reflection with some was so painful that one observed, "Let us no more recur to those days and nights of sadness; we would they could be blotted from our recollection, as they are revolting to humanity. We now rejoice in our freedom, although we have left many precious children and dear friends behind, who we hope, some day, may join us here." We had previously made an appointment to hold a religious meeting among them, that evening, in the meeting-house, which was satisfactory.

We rode out next morning to the Wilberforce settlement, a distance of 15 miles, which confers honor on the great philanthropist after whom it was named. It has been settling about twenty years by a class of yeomanry, strong, robust and athletic, well fitted for the position they occupy. We visited nearly all the families in their own houses, most of them having escaped from bondage. We had much conversation with them, relative to their early settlement, their present condition and standing in society, and were informed that at first they had to endure deprivations and hardships, but perseverance, industry and economy had enabled them to overcome all opposition, and little by little to clear the forest, and establish themselves in peace and plenty. Their log cabins are giving place to brick and frame houses; their farming operations are prosperous, and their condition in life is assuming quite a comfortable aspect. Their standing is fair, and the laws of the land know no distinction. They sit on juries with their white neighbors, are school directors and road commissioners, and are respected as much as their intelligence and virtue entitle them to be.

We spent a day in their settlement, and were invited to dine and take tea with one of them, which we did. A railroad runs through this settlement, and a depôt is established on one of the farms, which is now being divided into town-lots, rendering it highly valuable as well as the surrounding neighborhood, so that we see nothing to prevent its becoming a place of considerable note. Such is the result of the labor and toil of persevering pioneers; who, having to endure many privations in the morning of life, may be blessed with plenty, with their children around them, growing up into wealth and respectability, with all the advantages of receiving a good education to fit them for the business of life. Far better would it be for those who congregate in towns and cities to emigrate, as these have done, to this land of freedom, where they too may secure to themselves and families equality, peace and contentment.

There are also several families at Lobe, not far distant, who were visited, that are quite wealthy farmers, loaning money to their white neighbors, and mingling with them in social intercourse. They assembled with us in meeting, and took seats promiscuously amongst the whites. One fine looking woman informed us that the only drawback to their happiness was their having in their flight to this land of freedom left their only two sons behind, slaves to different masters residing on the Red river, to whom they never expected to be united again.

We also visited another company at Norwich, called the Pine settlement, and mingled with most of the families there, finding them, as in other places, comfortable and happy, residing on farms, and doing well. We had a meeting with them, which most attended.

At Hamilton we found a considerable number, and held a conversation with them. The testimony they gave of themselves is "that they are doing as well as the times admit"; and when interrogated whether they wished to return to the States, their uniform answer was "No! not even if we could have our liberty, as the laws of the land will not allow us, to stand erect as men." We had a meeting in the evening for the citizens, at which many of them attended, taking their seats promiscuously in the assembly, manifesting to us if prejudice did exist to any considerable extent, benign laws of the land so influence action as not to evince it much in practice.

At Toronto we visited several families, and were informed that a free colored man possessed considerable wealth, and many were in very comfortable condition; and that all who were disposed to improve their advantages had a fair opportunity to rise [illegible]

Their moral condition compares favorably with the whites, though the public records represent a somewhat different statement, which is very different from all the testimony we received, and which is fully corroborated in a letter taken from *The Tribune*, and published in *Friends' Intelligencer*, of 1st mo. 30th, 1858. He says he visited the prison in company with a friend, who informed him, "they were addicted to thefts and brawls, and that he believed the jail was filled with them; yet we found but three colored people in it."

The soil is rich and fertile; and upon the whole we are satisfied that Canada affords an asylum for the poor downtrodden and oppressed colored man worthy of his acceptance, and, with frugality, industry and economy, there is nothing to prevent his rising in the scale of respectability equal to his white neighbor; but to obtain it, he must calculate to undergo much toil, deprivation and hardship, like his white brethren, who entered the forest, hewed down the lofty trees, erected their cabins, and planted their corn; and in from ten to twenty years, they may obtain all the comforts the earth can produce, their taste desire, and their intelligence and virtue entitle them to.

It has been said that the climate is not suited to their constitution; but on inquiring of them, we found they were quite as capable of enduring the cold of winter as the whites, if equally well clothed.

J. WILSON MOORE,
RACHEL WILSON MOORE.

Peru, 9th mo. 16th, 1858.

BORBER METHODISM.

[Extracts from a private letter from a Methodist in Maryland; from *Zion's Herald.*]

"DOT an I or cross a T" on slavery, and the long hypocrisies of the slaveholders in the Church will be torn off by themselves, and they will show themselves as verily pro-slavery as their "dusky sister's" sons. Anti-slavery on the part of slaveholders is a monstrous hypocrisy—such is my *charitable* opinion, from long acquaintance and observation. Ask Pattison or Hardcastle, both Methodist members of the late Slaveholders' Convention, and they would say they were "anti-slavery" as an abstract sentiment; but as to the practical, they would enslave 25,000 free blacks, if they could, to-morrow, and become joint proprietors of the whole lot, and even sell any surplusage South.

Even now we have more law than is observed; "buying and selling" slaves, wholesale and retail, is now a fact among us, notwithstanding the law against the traffic. True, the gift of an inch in slaveholding has fulfilled the old proverb, and an ell is taken—the crime and folly is in giving the *inch*.

I agree with you that the prohibition of slaveholding by law would set us right before the world, and we could carry ultimately our standard, not only over Borderdom, but beyond the line of division between us and the Church South. But a chameleon Church, which should stand anywhere, or nowhere rather, and whose variations would make it "all things to all," would be a disaster on the Border greater than the annexation of all Borderdom to the Church South. If we are to lose the Border, we had better shove it into the bosom of the Church South by a constitutional and unqualified prohibition of slaveholding; then we would reconquer it, and move beyond its limits. The first shock in this case would send most of the Border from us, but the "refluent wave" would bring it to our wharf for permanent anchorage. There is anti-slavery enough to create that "refluent" current, I verily believe, though not enough to make them adhere, in case the rule prohibiting slaveholding were put in. The stewards, leaders, trustees—the men in power—are slaveholders to a great extent, but the vast majority are not; a minority are downright anti-slavery in sentiment, and would secretly rejoice that the Church had come back to the administration of their fathers' days in the Church; for it is known that in all Maryland the slaveholder was, if then admitted into the Church at all, admitted but to hear his practice preached against, and the whole current of Church influence was against him in the business. But in every county in Maryland, and in every charge, there would be those who would be troublesome to the goers off; and many of the Churches on the Eastern Shore of Maryland could not be gotten from us, even in the lower circuits bordering on Virginia. "The sooner the better," I think, is the sentiment of the true anti-slavery men as to plain prohibition in the Discipline of the practice of slaveholding.

Now, Doctor, I am in favor of withdrawing the sanction of *our* religion given to slaveholding. It has that sanction, I believe, now in all portions of the Church where slaveholders are admitted. Their admission is indeed all that is necessary to give it the benediction of the Church; nay, to give and take the sacrament on the Church's fealty to the institution. The bands of our members are full of blood on the Border; we "strike hands" with them in covenant engagement, and thus strengthen those blood-stained hands in their iniquity. I should not wonder if the *book above*, where records are kept, would show for this Conference year, in the bounds of the Conference within which I live, that several hundred slaves had been sold to slave-traders, many of them thus sold members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the sellers of these hundreds are preachers, exhorters, and various other official and private members of the Church. I doubt whether there is one preacher now on our slave territory who would administer the discipline for selling a slave. The attempt to do it, says one, would render him useless to the slaveholding portion of the population, if it did not cause his ejectment from the Church. It is thus we hold the slaveholding Christians to our Methodism. Alas! for the Church of Wesley! Alas! for the religion of Jesus!

THE SLAVEHOLDER'S ADDRESS TO THE NORTH STAR.

BY JOHN PIERPONT.

STAR of the North, thou art not bigger
Than is the diamond in my ring;
Yet every black, star-gazing nigger
Stares at thee, as at some great thing!
Yes, gazes at thee, till the lazy
And thankless rascal is half crazy.

Some Quaker scoundrel must have told 'em
That, if they take their flight tow'rd thee,
They'd get where "massa" cannot hold 'em;
And, therefore, to the North they flee.
Fools! to be led off, where they can't earn
Their living, by thy lying lantern.

Thou'rt a cold water star, I reckon,
Although I've never seen thee, yet,
When to the bath thy sisters beckon,
Get even thy golden sandals wet;
Nor in the wave have known thee dip,
In our hot nights, thy finger's tip.

If thou *wouldst*, nightly, leave the pole,
To enjoy a regular ablution
In the North Sea, or Symmes's hole,
Our "Patriarchal Institution,"
From which thou findest many a ransom,
Would, doubtless, give thee something handsome.

Although thou'rt a cold water star,
As I have said, I think, already,
Thou'rt hailed, by many a tipsy tar,
Who likes thee just because thou'rt steady,
And hold'st the candle for the rover,
When he is more than "half seas over."

But, while Ham's seed, our land to bless,
"Increase and multiply" like rabbits,
We like thee, Yankee Star, the less
For thy bright eye, and steady habits.
Pray waltz with Venus, star of love,
Or take a bout with reeling Jove.

Turn art an abolition star,
And to my wench wilt be of use, if her
Dark eye should find thee, ere the car
Of our true old slave-catcher, "Lucifer,
Star of the morning," upward rolls,
And, with its light, puts out the pole's.

On our field hands thou lookest, too—
A sort of nightly overseer—
Canst find no other work to do?
I tell thee, thou'rt not wanted here;
So, pray, shine only on the oceans,
Thou number one of "Northern notions."

Yes, northern notions—northern lights!
As hates the devil holy water,
So hate I all that Rogers writes,
Or Weld, that married Grimke's daughter:
So hate I all these northern curses,
From Birney's prose to Whittier's verses.

"Put out the light!" exclaimed the Moor—
I think they call his name Othello—
When opening his wife's chamber door
To cut her throat—the princely fellow!
Noblest of all the nigger nation!
File leader in amalgamation!

"Put out the light!" and so say I.
Could "I quench *thee*, thou flaming minister,"
No longer, in the northern sky,
Should blaze thy beacon-fire so sinister.
North Star, thy light's unwelcome—*very*—
We'll vote thee "an incendiary."

And, to our "natural allies"—
Our veteran Kinderhook Invincibles,
Who do our bidding, in the guise
Of "northern men, with southern principles"—
Men who have faces firm as dough,
And, as we *set* their noses, go—

To these, we'll get some scribe to write,
And tell them not to let the shine—
Excepting of a cloudy night—
Anywhere, south of Dixon's line.
If, beyond that, thou shin'st, an inch,
We'll have thee up before Judge Lynch:

Who preaches freedom, in all weathers,
Thou hast got on a coat of tar,
And, over that, a cloak of feathers,
That thou art "fixed" shall none deny,
If there's a fixed star in the sky.

A MASTER MURDERED BY HIS SLAVE.

Correspondence of The New York Tribune.

BRECKINRIDGE COUNTY, Ky., Nov. 15, 1858.

ON the 10th of last September, Mr. Thomas Hendric, an unmarried man, whose family consisted of himself and a few slaves, to whom, report says, he was exceedingly severe in his threatenings and chastisements, went to one of his fields where he had a tobacco barn, and where his slave, Horace, was at work; he took with him his rifle, which he set down by the fence, and called Horace to assist him to carry some tobacco into the barn. Horace displeased him about something, for which he threatened to shoot him. The slave seeing the rifle standing against the fence, seized it; and as his master was going into the barn with an armful of tobacco, he fired at him; the ball entered his back, passed through his body, struck an object in front of him and fell to the ground, where it was found a few days after. After receiving the shot, he walked in the direction of a creek; the slave followed him with a handspike, and struck him a severe blow on the back of the head, then dragged him to the creek, threw him in, he being still alive, and piled on him a quantity of brush wood and immensely large rocks. Here he was found by his neighbors, when in the course of a day or two they had become alarmed on account of his absence, and turned out in search of him. Horace having acted strangely and told conflicting tales about his master's disappearance, suspicion fell upon him; he was pinioned and taken to prison; on his way there he confessed the whole. During his trial, which took place a few weeks afterward, he was defended by able counsel, but the evidence against him, in addition to his confession of the crime, which the Court would not admit, was so strange and conclusive that he was found guilty and the sentence of death passed upon him. But notwithstanding his guilt and the horrid nature of his crime, there was considerable sympathy manifested for him by many in this community, as up to the time of the murder he had maintained a good character, and it was generally believed that he was provoked to the commission of the crime by the treatment he had received from his master. The only plea he offered when on trial was, that he did it in self-defence, his master having threatened to shoot him. He was evidently driven to desperation, and had become entirely reckless of his own life. He said, when first put in jail, that he wished they would take and hang him at once; but during the interval between his trial and execution, he calmed down, and, under the instruction of several ministers who visited him daily, he became evidently a sincere penitent, and it is believed he implicitly trusted in the infinite merit of the Savior for pardon and salvation.

For some time before his execution, he professed to be very happy in religion, and prepared and even anxious for death. A few hours before he suffered, he received the sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper, after which the fear of death appeared entirely removed. When the officers went in to take him out of the prison, he sat down and assisted in taking off his irons, smiled a time or two at some remarks made during the operation, went out, got into the wagon, took his seat on his coffin, of which he seemed to take no notice, shook hands with several of his acquaintances, and passed on through the immense crowd, surrounded by a guard of a hundred armed men, attended with fife and drum, appearing as free from fear or perturbation of mind as any one there. After turning an angle of the road, which brought the gallows in view, his eyes were fixed on it for a few seconds, but afterward he seemed to take no further notice of it. He said to one of the three clergymen who rode in the wagon with him that he felt prepared for death, and had no desire to live any longer. On arriving at the gallows, he ascended the rather difficult ladder to the platform and took his seat, without manifesting the least trepidation, or the least effort to keep from manifesting it. The Sheriff having made fast the rope to the cross-beam, one of the ministers rose and gave out the hymn in the Methodist hymn-book commencing

"Pass a few swiftly fleeting years."

After the singing of it, he called on all to unite in prayer. At the close, another minister arose, as Horace had requested him to do, and delivered his dying exhortation to his fellow-servants, many of whom were present, and also begged the forgiveness of the relatives and friends of his master; assured them that he was truly sorry for what he had done, and that he died without feeling the least enmity in his heart against any one. After this, prayer was again offered by the third minister present; at the close of which the Sheriff arose and tied a white handkerchief over the face of the criminal, and bade him arise. He promptly obeyed; shook hands with the ministers, and said he hoped they would meet him in Heaven. After the noose was adjusted around his neck, he told the Sheriff he did not think his arms were tied tight enough to prevent him from getting his hands to his throat, and, at the suggestion, an alteration was made—during which he stood, apparently, perfectly composed; not a tremor could be discovered on his person. The Sheriff's assistant approached him, and was pretending to make some other alteration, when the drop fell, and, like most others at life's terminus, in an unexpected moment he was launched into eternity. There was a slight twitching of the thumbs and a drawing up of the shoulders, but in a few moments the physicians pronounced him dead. His body was taken to an upper room of the Court-house, where it is being dissected. He was valued at $1,150, which sum will be paid to the heirs of his master's estate out of the public treasury. The foregoing is only one of quite a number of murders which have been committed or attempted in this State within the last few months by slaves. SOUTHERN KENTUCKY.

HOSPITALITY SOUTH AND NORTH.

SOUTHERN journals copy with apparent satisfaction a communication in a Memphis paper from Mr. H. B. S. Williams, of Hickory Springs, Fayette County, Tennessee. In this communication, Mr. Williams relates the arrival at his house, on a cold, rainy night, "of a couple of sprightly, hardy-looking little Yankee boys, bare-footed, badly clad and without budget." They had come, as they said, in search of a home and work all the way from the town of Paterson, N. J., where they had been factory boys; left orphans two years before by the death of their fathers. Being badly treated, they had struck out for the South, without "a cent of money," and had worked their way along, by the kindness of railroad conductors and steamboat captains, till they reached Memphis. Thence they had followed up on foot the track of the Memphis and Ohio Railroad till they arrived at the hospitable residence of Mr. Williams, with whom they readily found both home and work, and with whom they now are "the happiest little fellows you ever saw."

Parallels to this affecting incident occasionally happen also at the North. It occurs now and then that "boys," varying in age from six to sixty, and upward, "sprightly," "hardy-looking," "bare-footed" and "badly clad," and often without budgets or a cent of money, starting from Fayette County, Tennessee, or some other Southern district, and helped along by [underground] railroad conductors and otherwise, arrive in the vicinity of Paterson, New Jersey, and other Northern towns and cities, in search of "work and a home." These Southern boys are worse off than merely orphans. They never had any fathers, the laws of the South not permitting them to have any; while, under the same laws, they are sometimes separated from their mothers while scarcely able to walk alone. As to being badly treated, on that point they can generally, we doubt not, make out quite as good a case as the Yankee boys from Paterson.

These Yankee boys, it seems, however, were not exclusively indebted to the kind-hearted Mr. Williams for the good home they have found. Following up the Ohio and Memphis Railroad on foot as far as the Fayette depôt, it was their good luck to meet a "small negro boy," belonging to Mr. Williams, which boy, he tells us, "hearing their story, politely and in the spirit of true Southern hospitality invited them along with him to his master's house." Similar good offices are often rendered by our Northern colored people to wandering homeless "boys" from the South; but such acts of kindness, when they happen to get into the newspapers, instead of being applauded by our Southern brethren, are apt to be received by them with a spiteful growl and hiss, very much like that of a hungry cat at having the bird she has just caught snatched from her mouth. Surely, our Southern brethren ought not to claim such a strict monopoly of politeness and true hospitality! Surely, on these points the North and the South ought to be allowed to maintain a generous rivalry.

Let us suppose now, further to illustrate matters, that these runaway Yankee boys were able to show all over their bodies the marks of the cruel chastisements they had received, and let us suppose that some day or other there arrives at the Wythe Depôt, in the near vicinity of the generous Mr. Williams's plantation, an ill-conditioned and ill-looking fellow, his breath smelling strongly of brandy, and his face bearing every mark of stolid brutality, claiming these two boys as his runaway apprentices, and in fact recognized by them as their Paterson master, and [illegible] scamp comes attended by the United States Marshal for the District of Western Tennessee, the said Marshal having in his pocket the warrant of some commissioner of the Circuit Court of the United States for that district, or perhaps of Mr. Justice Catron himself, for the arrest of these two boys, on the oath of the vagabond above described, claiming them, under the act of 1850 and the Constitution of the United States, as fugitives from service to which they were bound by the laws of New Jersey. Pray, now, what would the hospitable Mr. Williams do under these circumstances? Would he volunteer as *posse comitatus* to the Marshal, and hasten to deliver up the terrified and weeping apprentices into the hands of their brutal master? Or would he, "in the spirit of true Southern hospitality"—and hospitality, we believe, does not vary with the latitude, but is much the same in New Jersey and in Tennessee—tip a wink to his "small negro boy" to pilot them into the woods, or to some other safe place of concealment, out of the reach of both Marshal and claimant?—*Tribune.*

MITCHEL.

MR. JOHN MITCHEL, professionally an Irish patriot, and an amateur American slave-driver—as yet without an engagement, but very anxious to secure one—has heretofore printed his paper, called *The Citizen*, in Knoxville, Tennessee, and will hereafter print it—Providence and pennies favoring—directly under the nose of the President, his Cabinet and the American Congress. In announcing this important transit from Knoxville to Washington, we regret that Mr. John Mitchel did not find time and space to tell us why he has demonstrated the beauty and the blessing of human bondage in the very centre, and surrounded by all possible illustrations of the system in full lucidity, and has demonstrated in vain; or why the owners in men have not, in return for such extraordinary services, given him bread and butter and pocket-money. Having had full swing—having had permission to say all that he had to say—a man of such ability, eloquence, philanthropy, patriotism and philosophy should have taken the Knoxvillians by storm; and ere this, a Knoxville regiment should have been organized, well appointed for that rough-and-tumble fight which must precede the Dissolution of the Union. But there has not been found in Knoxville a single patriot ready to follow the fife and drum of this Sergeant Kite; and he will hereafter whistle and rub-a-dub in Washington. We will do him the justice to say that he makes his national *debut* with a bold, prolonged and ear-splitting sibilation and a tolerably rousing tambouring. As Southern men are the men who are to pay him his sixpences, he vigorously addresses himself to them alone. But he bids them beware of the continuance of the cruel cold shoulder. If they fail to come in with their agreeable countenance, and still more agreeable cash, by the time indicated—if the Union is not dissolved upon a certain day of the month, somewhere in the sixties—John Mitchel, Irish Patriot, "will decline to urge them further." Mr. John Mitchel, being exceedingly manly, has "no idea of making a Cassandra of himself." He is even so bold as to say that "disturbing a sleeping congregation with dismal vaticinatory shrieks is not at all to his taste." From this we infer that, notwithstanding his pluckiness, which is of the most stunning order—notwithstanding his fine command of language—notwithstanding his great knack at creating a row and his talent for getting out of it—Mr. John Mitchel is most confoundedly at sea. Perhaps he has not yet learned that Cassandra-cries are just what his Southern friends want—that they expect men to weep without cause, and to blow blatantly, and most blatantly when there is no occasion.

The fact seems to be that Mr. John Mitchel does not know for what he is wanted. It is to howl for the Union with the mouth, and stab at it with the hand—it is to quote the Scripture in defence of middle-age barbarisms—it is to refute all the moralists, all the philanthropists, all the political economists of the age—it is to prove that man has no property in his own strength, and that woman has no property in her own offspring—it is to show that the instincts of the human heart are hollow and deceptive—that all we have called good is bad—that all we have called honest is a fraud—that we must revise our moral judgments, restudy our Bible, reconstruct our philosophy, and reëstablish our methods of life. In attempting to meet this importunate demand, John Mitchel has made a dolorous mistake. He should have commenced by saying simply that whatever is is right. He should then have howled "nigger" until arrested by the bronchitis. He should then, with bated breath, have quoted Scripture to the best of his ability. By following this course, he would have saved his wind, or sold it for something, which, however little, would have been more than it was worth. But these Southern gentlemen, who always walk in a beaten track themselves, expect the convert to follow them, with the pregnant hinges of the knee pretty well crooked. They have not sustained poor John Mitchel's newspaper at Knoxville; and they will not, unless he has the hinges well oiled, sustain it in Washington. They want him to rage against *The Tribune*, bowl for slavery extension in Kansas prudently, and not imprudently for the revival of the slave trade—and damn Boston and the Republican party. But for his philosophical speculations, his abstract disquisitions, his political abstractions, they do not care one brass farthing. We tell John Mitchel in advance, that he is not the man for Southern money. He does not know the way; he has not sufficiently studied the idiosyncrasies of the slaveholders. They have no use for him. He cannot make a decent living in their service. He threatens awful things if his views are not recognized, admired and acted upon. He says, if his labors in Washington are not appreciated, he will go to Massachusetts and turn Abolitionist. If he does so, he will find a blistering illustration of the old adage about the frying pan and the fire.—*Tribune.*

MORTARA AND SAMBO.

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

SIR: I observe that Edgar Mortara is made a martyr of the first order, by the Democratic Hebrews of the City of New York.

I am an "abducted nigger," rejoicing in the romantic name of Sambo.

I don't recollect precisely whether I ever enjoyed the luxury of a maid to attend me in my daily peregrinations. My impressions of my infancy are that I was, though *so* black, the joy and delight of

the President's Message and Mr. Mason's motion, that we shall have nothing but the slavery question for the staple of debate in Congress during the present session.—*Evening Post.*

HISTORY OF THE AMISTAD CASE.

To the Editors of The Evening Post.

For the information of members of the present Congress, many of whom were not conversant with the proceedings in the case of the Africans of the Spanish schooner Amistad, will you insert the following particulars?

1. Fifty-four recently imported negroes, held as slaves in Havana, were purchased there by two Spaniards, Messrs. Ruiz and Montez, and shipped on board the schooner El Amistad to Principe, about one hundred leagues distant, on the Island of Cuba.

2. After being four days out, the negroes rose, in the night, killed the captain and cook, placed Montez, who had been a sea captain, at the helm, requiring him to steer the ship for Africa, and confined Ruiz below.

3. Montez steered eastwardly in the daytime, because the negroes could tell his course by the sun, but put the vessel about in the night. They boxed about some days in the Bahama channel, and at length came near the coast of the United States.

4. In August, 1839, the Amistad was near the shore at Culloden Point, on the east end of Long Island, where a part of the crew came on shore for water and fresh provisions, for which they paid liberally.

5. On the 26th August the vessel was espied by Captain Gedney, U. S. N., in command of the brig Washington, employed on the Coast Survey, who despatched an officer to board her. Montez and Ruiz announced themselves as owners of the negroes, and claimed Captain Gedney's protection. He took possession, and carried the schooner into the port of New London.

6. The Judge of the United States District Court (Judson) and the United States Marshal were sent for by express. A hurried examination was held on board the Washington, at which the two Spaniards and the cabin boy Antonio, a creole negro, were examined on oath as to the facts in the case.

7. No person appeared on behalf of the Africans; the judge had no communication with them; but after the examination, the adults remaining alive, thirty-eight in number, were committed for trial for "murder on the high seas." The cabin boy, Antonio, and four children, three girls and one boy, native Africans, were committed as witnesses. The whole were then transferred to the jail at New Haven. Montez and Ruiz went at large.

8. A few of the friends of freedom met in the city of New York, and appointed S. S. Jocelyn, Joshua Leavitt and Lewis Tappan a committee to secure donations, employ counsel, and act otherwise as circumstances might require.

9. The committee immediately announced their appointment, appealed to the public for funds, employed as counsel Seth. P. Staples, Roger S. Baldwin and Theodore Sedgwick, Esquires, and, after repeated inquiries, found an interpreter—a native African—who was able to converse with some of the prisoners.

10. On request of the committee at New York, Rev. Leonard Bacon, Rev. H. G. Ludlow and Amos Townsend, Jr., of New Haven, consented to act as the committee to take measures for giving intellectual and religious instruction to those benighted pagans.

11. The prisoners were taken to Hartford, September, 1839, where Judge Thompson, of the Circuit Court, charged the Grand Jury that the "court has no jurisdiction of the offence—if it was an offence—committed on board a Spanish vessel on the high seas." He, however, denied the motion for the discharge of the Africans, and left the matter in litigation in the District Court, subject to appeal.

12. The District Judge directed an inquiry to ascertain where the seizure was made, &c., &c., and the prisoners were remanded to the jail at New Haven. Afterwards the court found, in substance, that these Africans, when seized, were in the condition of freemen; that they were born free; that they had been kidnapped in their native country, and forcibly and unlawfully transported to Cuba; that they were wrongfully and fraudently put on board of the schooner Amistad by Ruiz and Montez; that after achieving their own deliverance, they sought an asylum in the State of New York, by the laws of which they were free; and that while here they were illegally seized by Lieut. Gedney, and brought into the district of Connecticut. The court decreed that the Africans should be delivered to the Executive to be sent back to Africa.

13. The Attorney of the United States, on behalf of the United States, entered an appeal, "claiming in pursuance of a demand made upon them by the minister of the Queen of Spain," &c.

14. The case was argued before the Supreme Court of the United States by Hon. R. S. Baldwin and Hon. John Quincy Adams. The court did not sustain the appeal, and the Africans were therefore left in charge of the committee, who sent them to their native land with a missionary.

15. Mr. Adams, in a speech made to the House of Representatives, March 2, 1847, and published in the *National Intelligencer*, stated: That the Spanish minister had never demanded the negroes as slaves, but as pirates, as they had been declared to be by the Supreme Court, and that they should be delivered up as assassins; that if they had been delivered up they would have been executed at Havana, in which case all claim of Ruiz and Montez to them must have been forfeited; that there was not even the shadow of a pretence for the Spanish demand of indemnity; that such a total perversion of the whole subject, as made by the Spanish minister and the Secretary of State, had never been witnessed; that the demand, if successful, would be a perfect robbery committed on the people of the United States; that neither their slave-dealers, nor the Spanish government on their behalf, had any claims to the money asked for whatever; and he prayed to God to forbid that any claims should ever be allowed by Congress which rested on such a false foundation.

16. Messrs. Editors, I refer your readers also to the speech of Mr. Adams, published after the adjournment of Congress in 1844, which he intended to deliver in the House; and to the speech of Hon. J. R. Giddings, delivered in the House of Representatives April 18, 1844, and conclude by expressing an earnest desire that the friends of freedom and justice in Congress will resist an attempt frequently ineffectually made, and now renewed, to offer a sacrifice at the Moloch of American slavery at an expense of fifty thousand dollars, to be taken from an almost empty treasury.

LEWIS TAPPAN.

JUDICIAL DECISION UPON THE SLAVE TRADE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the action of the Grand Jury at Columbia, S. C., in refusing to find a bill of indictment against the crew of the slaver Echo, they are not likely to go altogether unwhipt of justice. Judges Wayne and Magrath, of the United States Court, before whom the prisoners were brought on a writ of habeas corpus, have remanded them to jail, to await the action of another Grand Jury, at another term of the Court. They have, at the same time, decided that the law of 1820, for the suppression of the slave trade, is constitutional; so that it will be a very bold proceeding on the part of the Grand Jury which will be empannelled for the next term of the Court to set their individual opinions against the solemn judgment of the Court, and refuse to find a bill upon the ground that the act of Congress declaring the slave trade piracy is unconstitutional. At the same time, we should not be surprised if any future Grand Jury should assume this responsibility. The public opinion at the South, however averse it may be to a revival of the slave trade, is not content with having it branded as piracy. It is deemed a direct reflection upon all all traffic in slaves; and to the unsophisticated mind no very striking difference is perceptible between the transportation of negroes from Africa, for sale in Cuba, and their transportation from Virginia, for sale in Texas. There may be more or less hardship, more or less mischief, in the one case than in the other, but that is not regarded as making any difference in the principle. With these sentiments it will go hard with a Southern Grand Jury to find a bill of indictment for piracy, against persons charged with having been engaged in the African slave trade.

The act of 1820, however, it seems to us, is in entire harmony with the Constitution, as, indeed, the United States Court has just decided. Congress is empowered to define piracies, not only as known to the law of nations, but to enumerate what crimes in the national code shall be deemed piracies. It may say, as it has said, that the slave trade shall be deemed piracy. Under the international code it is neither piracy nor crime, but under the municipal law of the United States it is both.

It was contended before the Judges at Columbia that Congress had no power to interfere with the commerce of foreign nations; that a trade between Dahomey and Cuba was beyond our jurisdiction, and that Congress could neither regulate it nor punish those engaged in it. The power of Congress, it was said, extended only to the regulation of our own commerce with foreign nations, not the commerce of foreign nations among themselves. This is doubtless so; but while Congress may not regulate the commerce of foreign States, it may prohibit our ships and sailors from engaging in it. And this is what it has done with the commerce in slaves, if, indeed, that may be called commerce which is robbery, and attended with such indescribable horrors.—*Phila N. American.*

A SECRETARY ESTOPPED.—The President, pledged as he is to advance beyond Lecomptonism, and to take ground in favor of Congressional intervention in favor of slavery, is penning his message, and will undoubtedly try to please the extreme men of the South. One of our Northern Secretaries, who was advocating this doctrine, a few days ago, was rather startled when asked by a Democrat this question: "You said slavery is held in the Territories by the *obiter dictum* of the Supreme Court, in defiance of territorial law—now, tell me how I, as a citizen of a free State (where I can vote against slavery), can be made less a citizen by going into a territory, where, according to your new notion, I dare not vote against slavery, or do anything on this question but submit to the right of property in slaves as higher than my own sovereignty?" The Secretary looked rather blank at this home question, and thought of the good time he would have in his own State in support of this new fangled doctrine.—*Trumbury Cor. Phila. Press.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1858.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, 138 Nassau street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti-Slavery Standard, 138 Nassau street, New York.*"

TO DONORS.

THOSE who have made pledges to the American Anti-Slavery Society, and those who intend, whether pledged or not, to do something in aid of its operations the current year, are reminded that this season is the time when such aid is most needed. Such Donations will be gladly received and promptly acknowledged either by Francis Jackson, Boston, or S. H. Gay, New York.

BACK NUMBER WANTED.—Friends who do not file THE STANDARD will confer a special favor on us if they will return to this office the number for Nov. 20. In consequence of a blunder in the press room, our files are deficient. Direct, "*National Anti-Slavery Standard*, New York."

ABOLITIONISM AND REPUBLICANISM.

It is certainly not our fault if the wide distinction which separates the ideas expressed by these two words is not seen and known of all men. And yet we have to lay down line upon line, and to pile precept upon precept, in order to leave those who will not see what is so plainly to be seen without excuse. The leader of THE STANDARD of the 27th ultimo, entitled "Signs of the Times," has been made the subject of leading articles in Democratic journals of no less weight and dignity than the *New York Herald* and the *Boston Post*. The *animus* which informs both those articles is plainly enough to be perceived—a desire, to wit, to make the Republican party answerable for our sins. Now we have not to accuse ourselves of ever having done or said anything to entitle our lucubrations to any such attribution, we endeavoring to keep the line of demarcation between us as wide and distinct as the Republicans themselves could desire. And that particular essay appears to our fallible reason to be as carefully distinguished in this particular as anything we have ever written. And yet we apprehend that that article was one of those on Mr. Seward's speech which occasioned the strictures of that most faithful and clear-sighted friend, J. A. H., contained in his letter to be found in last week's STANDARD, so hard is it to use language against its natural end, according to Talleyrand, so as to express instead of concealing our thoughts.

We can sympathize with our Republican friends under the annoyance of being confounded with us. But it is one under which they must be content to sit down, until they have succeeded in making themselves more odious to the Slave Power and its Northern myrmidons than we have done, and then we shall be very ready to have their style and title applied to us by the enemies of the slaves, as a term of greater reproach than our own. The distinction between the two sets of men, the Abolitionists and the Republicans, is plain enough, one would think. The Abolition Movement rests on the doctrine of the inherent villany of slavery, because of the wrong it necessarily does to the slave; the Republican, on that of the injury it incidentally works to the white man. The Republican party, as exhibited in its platforms and by many of the words of its leaders, has no quarrel with the slave system, if it will only keep itself within its own geographical boundaries. It is only when it invades the territories of its neighbor Freedom, and undertakes to force itself upon white men who do not want it, or to pursue its slave-hunts there in a way which they hold inconsistent with the terms of the original bargain struck between the two, that they feel called upon to interfere. Even Charles Sumner himself has only proposed to drive slavery back to where it was confined at the time our fathers made their Social Contract, in which this matter was arranged with sundry others.

Now this does not meet the objection of the Abolitionist. He recognizes no Constitution and no law that can stand between the slave and his best efforts to deliver him. He does not admit that any agreement made seventy years ago can hallow so evil a deed as slavery, or consecrate so great a crime as giving it any comfort or protection. He cannot act under it, because, believing the Constitution to mean what its framers designed, and as the nation understands it, he cannot swear to do the things therein provided, for such comfort and protection. So he proceeds in the only way left to him, that which looks to the final overthrow of the present Constitution, either by the withdrawal of the Northern States from the Confederacy or by such a change in it as shall withdraw all National support from slavery. Of course, the first is the more probable than the latter, and is therefore the object of present agitation. This is done, in the first place, as the only way of freeing Northern men from the actual guilt of helping to sustain slavery directly; and, in the second, because we believe that slavery could not long exist after the arm of Northern support is withdrawn. This seems to be a sufficiently distinct field of action, and, as the *Boston Post* says, "if it be treason, it is at least logic."

But while we see clearly that this is the only shape which our political agitation can take at present, we are eagerly looking out for, and always most happy to discern and acknowledge, whatever there may be in the action or the words of any men or any parties which is indicative of the drift of that public sentiment which is the tide on which Slavery now rides triumphant, and which, we believe, Freedom will yet take at the flood and be led on by it to a fortunate event. We could see this in the titanic efforts of the Little Giant of Illinois to shake off the mountain weight of pro-slavery tyranny which was resolved to crush him, although we knew that he had no virtue in him. So we marked with interest the movement of Senator Hammond in South Carolina, as a sign that, even in that benighted region, the presages of coming change were discerned, and the best preparation to be made for it perceived to be only a putting off of the evil day when the world would refuse to permit slavery to exist. Much more were we pleased to hear a man of the political sagacity of Mr. Seward taking a stand so far in advance of his party as to declare that slavery itself was the only sufficient political ground for the Republican party to stand upon. He did not take our ground, he did not maintain his own by our arguments, but the ground he took and arguments he used were such as must ultimately lead to a conflict between the two Ideas, to which we believe there can be but one issue.

We have taken and held our ground because we believe it to be absolutely right. We regard slavery to be a Moral and not a Political question, and therefore we cannot enter into any compromises about it, any more than if it were simple murder or robbery instead of being these crimes and almost every other imaginable one compounded and intensified. But this does not hinder us from rejoicing whenever we see anything that indicates a changing public opinion and an impending shifting of issue, which shall make slavery the direct subject of National politics. We do not hope for any Pentecost when this nation shall undergo an instantaneous conversion and take its place squarely on the platform of the American Anti-Slavery Society. We do not believe that it will be necessary that the conversion of the world shall take place in order to rid it of so gross and palpable a wickedness and folly as American slavery. We believe that God will make the pride and ambition of man to praise him as well as his wrath. And whatever shows that public men are beginning to see that there is really no other question to divide the nation, and no other obstacle to the most unrivalled national prosperity, than slavery, and that while it exists it necessarily keeps the strong and wealthy part of the nation subordinated and subjected to the weaker, the poorer and the worse—whatever shows all this is a sign which we cannot but welcome as the harbinger of better things at hand. In this sense, and no other, have we expressed the satisfaction we felt in reading Mr. Seward's speech; and this is the precise degree of approximation which exists between the Republican party, when it shall have put itself on his ground, and ourselves.

We have always made a distinction, and a wide one, between the platform and the heart of the Republican party—between its leaders and its rank and file. We have ever believed that the heart of the Republicans was much more anti-slavery than their platform and the voters than the voted for. We conceive that the great vote of Col. Fremont was not because of the narrowness of the Republican platform, but because of the set purpose of the masses of the party to believe that it meant much more than met the eye or ear. The ground taken by Mr. Seward rests upon this belief. He says, virtually, that the party cannot be kept together by the wire-drawn and fine-spun ties which the old Conventions have provided to unite them. He sees, and says, that a new and vital issue must be taken, and that one involving the existence of slavery on the continent, and not merely its incidental interference with the rights of white men. We said, in our leader of the 27th ult., that the Republicans must come to this complexion or fade out entirely, and *The Herald* that this may be true, but, if so, will reduce their ranks to the number of the old Birney vote. We think the wish of *The Herald* is father to its thought. We still hold that no other ground can be taken up that is tenable, or from which the battle can be advantageously fought. Whether it can be fought triumphantly in 1860, or in 1864, or in 1868, we are by no means confident. But it is only from this advantage that it can be fought at all; and if not victorious, it will at least point by its mistakes to some more excellent way to final success.

THE WORLD'S BATTLE.

THIS great service, in which we are enlisted for the war, often leads through strange fields of conflict, and develops strange adversaries. Sometimes we must chase the foe under ground, and unearth him in the labyrinth of some pestilential cemetery, calling itself a Church. Sometimes we are obliged to join battle in some horrible prison-house, calling itself a State. Latterly, the field is the world, and the fight is fought in the face of the open day.

The Abolitionists of the world need not occupy time and space by telling, as news, what they have done as good soldiers. *The Tribune, The Evening Post*—the legion of journals, in short, for which theirs break the way—are they not all picking up the fragments in great basketsful? All our readers have already heard from them that this world's fight against the slave trade is won—that the Imperial slave trader turned his back and called to his cousin to witness it; and FRANCE could tell them he did so immediately after the arrival of his EDINBURGH REVIEW, by which he knew what steps the English government must take, for he read in those pages, as if were, the fiat of the British people. When that slow-swinging, elephantine organ—strong, sagacious, crushing—stamps upon an abuse, its hour has come.

> "—— the fiend looked up and saw
> His mounted scale aloft, and hurrying fled,
> Murmuring, and with him flee the shades of night."

He tempted the public opinion of the world, and (DALLAS, MASON and WALEWSKI to the contrary) finds that public opinion to be the echo of the world's Abolitionists. He insults England, disgraces France, tramples on Portugal, and uses that boast and shame of Colonization accommodating slavery, the poor little Republic of Liberia (as the burglar uses the unlucky child whom he slips in at the window-pane to unfasten the door), but all in vain.

We learn, from the Philadelphia *Enquirer*, and from the *Gazette*, which publish letters from Mr. Roberts and Mr. Benson, that Liberia, like the great Quaker banker, Mr. Samuel Gurney, once upon a time, was loath to irritate so sensitive a creature as a slave-trader. Her excuses are better than his, for her position was a dangerous one. It was not, however, one presenting any alternative. There was but one thing to do—instantly to *protest*, in a tone to cleave every cabinet in Christendom, although, as on the grand protest of the Chevalier d'Assas, the enemies' blades had met in the protesting bosoms at the next breath. Till Liberia is equal to this, she is, in point of fact, only a nuisance on the African coast, as long as slavery exists, however good her intentions. Shame will ever rest on the memories of them that secured their own enslaving ends by such a safety-valve as this!

Let not the present pro-slavery generation declare that men of color cannot govern themselves, because the Liberian authorities stand paralyzed and confounded before their bullying slave-trading step-mother, the United States, and their craftily violent illegitimate brother-in-law, Louis Bonaparte: did not the British Cabinet, on more than one occasion, the same?

But Liberia labors under special disadvantages. Conceived by slavery in sin, shaped by prejudice in iniquity, and born as one out of due time, before the men who are now, as her government, suffering for the sins of the Colonization Society were born, how should she be able, first of all nations, to stand across the path of the Imperial slave-trader, composed as she is of the weakest among the men of color—those who yield to the cruel, oppressive social enginery, or the shameful cajolery, or the selfish repulsion in the guise of friendly help, practised upon them in order to expatriate, in the country of their birth? As long as this shameless jockeying of cabinets with men, in compliment to slaveholders, goes on, so long, by original sin of position on the African coast, must the function of Liberia be—to shut the stable door.

Let us not spend too much time in censuring governments. To go forward for the right is not within their competency. The initiative lies with their people—subjects or sovereigns, as the case may be. Now, England can advance. She feels her whole people crowding close behind her. *Now*, the administration of the United States must give back, and another and another battle won shall bring our country to her true place.

Let it never be forgotten that the point of attack must always be *slavery*. This conquered, all is won. *The trade will stop only with the closing of the market.* Let it ever be kept in mind that the way to ensure a general and triumphant moral engagement—to make a people ready for every coming crisis—is never to cease from the individual conflicts that slavery so impudently provokes. Meet it *singly*, if it must be so, at no matter what risk, whenever the conflict presents itself—whether with the Church or the State, the pulpit or the press, or the *soi-disant* religious and benevolent corporations that these control; whether with the Legislature or the Judiciary, in the political gathering or the town meeting, in the family, the street or on 'change, exactly as it has been met from the beginning of our conflict, save in increased numbers and added zeal.

Refuse to obey laws that are blasphemy against the higher law. Strive with your Legislatures to procure their abrogation; *petition*—PETITION—PETITION. It is the sovereign's command to his servants, and now is the hour to issue it. Pour your money into the Anti-Slavery treasury, and it shall be returned to you in

> "Thoughts that breathe and words that burn"—

from hearts that beat only that this land may be free from the yoke and curse of slavery—from pages where intellect and principle, and love of mankind seeking liberty as the deep foundation of all good, are united for the immediate abolition of slavery as the first object to be sought, against all hindrance, by whatever sacred name called.

All Protestant Christendom, as well as all the ancient chosen people, now stands by you in the demand, for all Protestant Christendom and all Jewry are convulsed by seeing Church and State law set above natural law, though but in the single instance of the Jewish child, Mortara. If we are infidel because we find a higher law than that of Churches and States which outrage human rights, so is Protestant Christendom; and now she has the key to the mystery of that iniquity which persecutes Abolitionists under pretence of defending Christianity.

In fine, we have now only to go forward, and the choicest spirits of every nation, tongue and kindred shall join themselves to us, and slavery shall be speedily driven from the face of the earth.

THE Chicago *Press and Tribune* is not, as was lately reported, about to be discontinued on account of the pecuniary embarrassments of its proprietors. Those embarrassments resulted, not from the publication of the paper, which is in a very flourishing condition, but from liabilities contracted in the purchase of real estate prior to the late financial crash. The proprietors have obtained an extension from their creditors, and have no thought of discontinuing the paper, which is probably more profitable than any other at the West.

AGENT IN VERMONT.—Rev. N. R. JOHNSTON, of Topsham, Orange Co., Vt., is an agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society. Friends of the cause, in that vicinity, desiring Mr. J.'s services, as a lecturer, will please address him, as above.

THE COUNT DE MONTALEMBERT.

It is given to FRANCE of the present time to set a great example to the world. Though disgraced by an unscrupulous despotism, none of its reproach cleaves to those distinguished men who are her true representatives to the world. Judged in the light of their lives, there exists in France an amount of personal honor and political integrity which is by no means afforded in a similar measure in the same classes of any other land.

They refuse to serve under the despotism of Louis Napoleon: not one says, let us pretend to support him the better to defeat him: not one takes the oath to the imperial government as a means of overthrowing it.

Even those Catholics, men of feeling and integrity, who at first had hopes of an imperial government as a vassal of their Church, cannot keep the peace with it as now actually administered—the next despotism to that of the United States in its deadly effect on the world.

The Count de MONTALEMBERT is sentenced by it to six months' imprisonment and a fine of three thousand francs, for saying in print that English Freedom is good, to the detriment of Louis Napoleon's despotism; just as in the United States the sovereign people, at the suggestion of its privy counsellors, South and North, has been in the habit of seizing the forms of law with which to work iniquity, or of working it without form of law when that summary method suited best, against whoever should promulgate anything to the detriment of slavery.

True to his antecedents and to his principles, the Count de MONTALEMBERT can no longer bear the suffocation under which in France existence is now carried on; and, although no Frenchman is allowed breath enough to demand freedom for his own country, he has yet dared to praise the freedom of England; and the perjured, bloody Usurper whom that land of liberty has aforetime protected, now causes him to be prosecuted as for a libel who speaks favorably of its constitution and its course.

It will be seen that Monsieur MONTALEMBERT'S appreciation of England grows out of principle and not out of pique, when it is noticed how far back it dates. In his speech in the Chamber of Peers of Louis Philippe, on Colonial Slavery, in 1845, he spoke as follows:

"I hesitate not to affirm it—the most consoling spectacle, the happiest revolution that the nineteenth century as yet presents to the world, is the substitution of the teachings of the missionary for the whip of the slave-driver, in the regulation of the colored race. I am humbled and afflicted at the thought that this great revolution has taken place under another flag than that of France and under other influence than that of the Catholic clergy. This confession costs me dear, but I owe it to the unchanging worship I have sworn to the truth.."

. . . . "Let us not take vengeance for the real or imaginary wrongs of England, by remaining below or behind her in the way of humanity, civilization and Christianity."

This sentiment he renewed in 1856, for our encouragement as Abolitionists in the United States, while the Protestant FREDERIC MONOD, drinking in the pro-slavery spirit of Dr. BAIRD and Mr. KIRK, was preparing to sell the gospel of Freedom to the Tract Society* in 1858, for the means of building on the Boulevard Sevastopol, in Paris, a house in which to preach a gospel not offensive to slaveholders. Shame on the Protestant who disgraces his faith by refusing to protest! Honor to the Catholic whose noble protest against slavery sheds a lustre on the Church to which he belongs!

So critical is now the condition of the world on the great question of Freedom that when the news of Monsieur MONTALEMBERT'S sentence reached the London Exchange and the Paris Bourse, the funds began to sink. It is supposed Monsieur MONTALEMBERT will appeal against the verdict. He has with him, so far as he goes, the sympathies of the civilized world.

*A religious Association, comprehending a large proportion of that united religion of the North and South, which upholds slavery, and buys up or befools foreigners having their own objects to promote by traveling in the United States.

THE OBERLIN RESCUERS INDICTED.

IN THE STANDARD of Sept. 25th we published a narrative of the rescue of a fugitive slave from the hands of United States officers in the vicinity of Oberlin. The negro was inveigled into the clutches of the slave-hunters by a young man named Boynton, who told him that he could find employment on his farm a little way from the village of Oberlin. The scoundrel dared not attempt to make the arrest in the village, knowing that the people would rise up *en masse* to prevent it. The fugitive, suspecting no evil intent, went to Boynton's farm as directed, in the hope of obtaining work; but he was seized by a U. S. marshal and posse and hurried [illegible] the nearest station on the Cleveland, Columbus and Cincinnati Railroad. The announcement of the sudden and treacherous arrest created the intensest excitement at Oberlin. The public square was filled, in 15 minutes, with armed citizens and students, and it was resolved that an attempt should be made to rescue the negro from the hands of the kidnappers. Vehicles of all sorts were put in requisition, a large party succeeded in reaching Wellington before the departure of the train for Cincinnati, and the rescue was triumphantly effected.

In the U. S. Circuit Court at Cleveland, a few days since, the following persons—33 in number—were indicted for "rescuing a fugitive from service."

Charles Langston, John Watson, John Copeland, Simeon Bushnell, Lorin Wadsworth, Robert Windsor, James R. Shepard, John H. Scott, J. Mandeville, Ansel W. Lyman, Matthew DeWolfe, William E. Lincoln, Jeremiah Fox, Henry Evans, David Watson, Eli Boyce, Wm. E. Scrimiger, Lewis Hines, James Bartlett, James H. Bartlett, Abner Loveland, Matthew Gillett, Thomas Gena, Walter Sawles, William Scriples, Robert R. Cummings, Oliver S. B. Wall, Henry D. Niles, Daniel Williams, Chauncey Goodyear, Franklin Lewis, William Watson, John Hartwell.

Henry E. Peck, James M. Fitch and Ralph Plumb were indicted for "aiding, abetting and assisting to rescue a fugitive from service and labor."

Judge Wilson, in his charge to the Grand Jury, explained the law applicable to the case, and said:

"There are some who oppose the execution of this law from a declared sense of conscientious duty. There is, in fact, a sentiment prevalent in the community which arrogates to human conduct a standard of right above and independent of human laws; and it makes the CONSCIENCE of each individual in society the TEST of his own ACCOUNTABILITY to the laws of the land.

"While those who cherish this dogma claim and enjoy the protection of the law for their own lives and property, they are unwilling that the law should be operative for the protection of the constitutional rights of others. It is a sentiment semi-religious in its development, and is almost invariably characterized by intolerance and bigotry. The LEADERS of those who acknowledge its obligations and advocate its sanctity are like the subtle prelates of the dark ages. They are versed in all they consider useful and sanctified learning—trained in certain schools in New England to manage words, they are equally successful in the social circle to manage hearts; seldom superstitious themselves, yet skilled in practising upon the superstition and credulity of others—FALSE, as it is natural a man should be whose dogmas impose upon all who are not saints according to HIS CREED the necessity of being hypocrites—SELFISH, as it is natural a man should be who claims for himself the benefits of the law and the right to violate it, thereby denying its protection to others—more attached to his own peculiar theories of government than to his country, and constantly striving to guide the politics of the nation with a view of overthrowing the Constitution and establishing instead a Utopian government, or rather no government at all if based on the Federal Union.

"Gentlemen, this sentiment should find no place or favor in the Grand Jury room. Its tendency leads to the subversion of all law, and a consequent insecurity of all the constitutional rights of the citizen. The Fugitive Slave law may, and unquestionably does, contain provisions repugnant to the moral sense of many good and conscientious people. Nevertheless, it is the law of the United States, and as such should be recognized and executed by our Courts and Juries until abrogated or otherwise changed by the legislative department of the government. Ours is a government of laws, and it is by virtue of the law that you and I, and every other citizen, whether residing north or south of the Ohio River, enjoys protection for his life and security for his property."

On the 8th inst., those of the accused who live in Oberlin started for Cleveland, the Marshal having contented himself with serving the summons to them to make their appearance in Court. Their departure was witnessed by a crowd of Oberlin people, ladies as well as gentlemen, who cheered in token of their sympathy with the accused and of their determination to resist the Fugitive Slave law. A considerable number of the most prominent men of the village, including Mayor Beecher, volunteered to accompany the prisoners and see them comfortably quartered or safely returned.

At 2 o'clock, p. m., the Oberlin culprits, such of them as were present, were arraigned; the Hon. R. P. Spaulding, the Hon. A. G. Riddel and S. O. Griswold, Esq., undertaking their defence free of charge. The following are the names of those who responded: John H. Scott, Henry E. Peck, John Watson, William Watson, Henry Evans, Wilson Evans, David Watson, Ansel W. Lyman, James M. Fitch, Simeon Bushnell, James R. Shepard, Oliver S. B. Wall, William E. Scrimiger and James Bartlett.

Judge Spaulding gave notice that the accused were ready for, and requested trial immediately. The District-Attorney begged continuance for time to send to Kentucky for witnesses. Should need at least two weeks.

Judge Spaulding thought that citizens of Ohio might think two weeks some time to lie in jail for the convenience of citizens of Kentucky.

The Court remarked that it was not necessary for them to lie in jail. They could be liberated on bail.

Judge Spaulding was not sure of that, by any means. He was not authorized to believe that all of them could furnish bail, and it was the very question which he wished settled. He wished to know if bail would be required.

The District-Attorney said it would.

The Court thought all might find bail at $500 each, which would be very moderate.

Mr. Griswold informed the Court that only a portion of his clients could find bail to any amount.

Judge Spaulding received permission to retire for consultation with his clients, and returned, informing the Court that no bail would be given. The accused were ready for and demanded immmediate trial. The United States had summoned them to appear for trial, and it was the business of the United States to be ready to proceed with the trial without any delay. If a continuance was ordered, they were willing to enter into a recognizance to appear when called, but would do nothing further.

The Court, having conferred with the District-Attorney, announced that individual recognizances in the sum of $1,000 would be sufficient.

These recognizances were accordingly made, and the trial thus adjourned until the first Tuesday in March, 1859.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE SOUTH.

For The Standard.

NEW YEAR'S DAY in the South! so brilliant and gay! Friends meet for the interchange of good wishes. Around the sumptuous board healths are pledged, toasts given and received—wine and wit prevail. 'Tis the gala day, the day for visit and compliment. Bountiful is the good cheer and kindly the greeting which everywhere meets you. I recollect one brilliant festive New Year's day in particular, when the silver-slippered hours had glided away to the jolly tingle of glasses and the merry music of happy laughter! How joyous it was in that brilliantly lighted parlor! the shutters had been tightly closed to exclude any possible ray of outward daylight, so that the lamps might burn the brighter o'er the forms of "fair women and brave men"! How the wit flashed, how the beau smiled and the lady blushed, as the cups were pledged across the social board—friendships were renewed with the opening season and as heartily quaffed in the annual glass of egg-nogg. It was a gay and dazzling scene—a joyous, light-hearted and happy company! As I looked on, I thought what a glorious dream, what a brilliant pageant life is. Why should people fret and grieve? Trouble must be only a fabulous ogre, which we read of in story books. This flushed and brilliant scene shows that life is not filled with sighs, as some sour people have told us.

Look at that beautiful young girl—see her dark eyes flash out from the curtain of long brown curls—only glance at that soft, baby-white brow, too pure for a spot or a wrinkle—and that face, fair and smiling as a May-day, can you read a suggestion of pain or trouble there? Not one.

How beautifully she tosses her pearl fan and smiles across it to that handsome young man who has been paying her the new year's compliment in the most choice English.

Everything about the house seems happy—no shade of care disturbs that life, which is as free as the blowing flowers. The very servant, who ushers in the guests, has caught the mirthful contagion and reflects it in his shining black face. This is the sunny side of the picture.

From twelve until three o'clock the house had been thronged with visitors; but now, when the hour for calling had passed and as the sun shone brightly for a January day, we, who were tired of the lamplight, bethought ourselves of a stroll round the city. We were a party of three, and rambled through the streets in the blithest spirits, thinking over the gay events of the day. As we were pleased ourselves, we believed that everybody else was—a common mistake of the happy. Of course the separate experiences of the day were recounted in the merriest mood, and the most innocent criticisms passed upon the various visitors who had honored us. We had proceeded for some distance down the fashionable promenading street, when, through the caprice of one, we determined to change our course and march down the chief thoroughfare, full upon the market-place—always a public resort.

"Let us see how the people amuse themselves and spend New Year's day," remarked the gayest of the trio.

For a short distance we encountered only groups of boys, enjoying themselves with fire-crackers, pop-guns, &c. Suddenly, almost before aware of it, we stood upon the outskirts of a dense crowd.

"What is the matter?"

"What is the cause of this crowd?"

"Let us hasten out of it—we must be in the midst of a riot or an Irish fight," were simultaneous exclamations; but curiosity, which all experience and few can restrain, made us pause. Recognizing an acquaintance, we rushed up to inquire the meaning of such unusual excitement.

"Why, this is sale and hiring day for the negroes," was the prompt answer.

But my eye had interpreted the meaning of the crowd before hearing his words. Looking over the heads of the people, I saw the rude platform of store boxes upon which the negroes stood, and heard the salesman crying one of them off as indifferently as he would have called out a few bales of cotton or calico. I heard the hammer fall, and knew that the sale had closed, for one thousand dollars. The victim was a bright-faced mulatto boy, with a quick, intelligent eye, and erect form. I saw him come down from that box with a face too calm for grief, too chill for joy—it looked despair. I saw a woman—perhaps his mother—catch hold of him. I could not see her face, but there was agony expressed in the figure. I read it in the convulsive clutch she gave at his garments, in the droop of her head, in the mute appeal of her outstretched arms.

This boy was the last one of a number (the others having been disposed of), so the day's work was over. The crowd quickly dispersed, and we had a full view of the auction-block, or "hiring-stand," as it is called. There were quite a number of negroes ranged round the foot of the "stand," all of whom had been either sold or hired for the year. Each held in his hand a small bundle, containing, no doubt, the sum-total of his wardrobe.

They were bidding good-bye to each other. Some hoped to meet again the following Christmas; to others it was the final farewell. Husbands were taking leave of wives, children saying good-bye to mothers and fathers. Tears fell like rain—hands were quickly seized and reluctantly loosened only to be clasped again. Little presents were exchanged, words of consolation offered by those who had most need of solace themselves. 'Twas touching to see how each one tried to sustain the other, by such little consolatory words as "Never mind, I hope we'll meet soon," "take care of yourself," &c. I saw faces working with poorly-suppressed emotion, and heard groans not loud but deep. My heart could endure no more; we left the place—with silent, secret pangs. Such, then, was New Year's day to the negroes—a day of misery and trial. And this was the dark side of the picture.

PREMIUM FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

TO THE FRIENDS OF THE STANDARD.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—We invite attention to the prospectus of this work in our advertising column. Our opinion of the work we need not now repeat; but we have an announcement to make, which we hope may result in a considerable addition to our own subscription-list. By an arrangement with Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co., we are enabled to offer the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD and *The Atlantic Monthly* together, to new subscribers, for the coming year, for $4.00. Any person, therefore, who will procure one new subscriber to THE STANDARD and forward us the money ($2.00) in advance, can have *The Atlantic* by enclosing $2.00 more in the same letter. The subscription price of the latter is $3.00. The person procuring the subscriber may either share with him the reading of *The Atlantic*, or retain the latter for his own exclusive use. Are there not a considerable number of our readers, especially among the young, who will be glad to avail themselves of this means of aiding the anti-slavery cause and at the same time obtaining the best literary periodical in the United States? Names to be sent in on or before the first of January, 1859. Direct, "*National Anti-Slavery Standard*, New York."

CONGRESS has not done anything the past week that need occupy our attention. It is sufficient to say that the Senate has removed Mr. Douglas from his place as chairman of the Committee on Territories, while the House has been engaged in trying the case of Judge Watrous, of Texas, who is arraigned for the purpose of impeachment.

THE BRITISH REVIEWS.

WE ask the particular attention of our readers to the advertisement, in another column, by Leonard Scott & Co., of the American Republication of the British Reviews. Those Reviews cost the British subscribers $31.00, while American readers can obtain them for $10 00; and yet L. Scott & Co. pay not less than $3,000 per annum to the British publishers, giving them, not from compulsion, but from policy and a sense of justice, the substantial advantages which would accrue from an International Copyright law.

It is scarcely necessary to speak of the merits of these periodicals. They contain the richest fruits of the scholarship, wit and genius of the literary men of Great Britain, and are alike of great value to the scholar, the professional man, or the intelligent reader. Their pages abound with elaborate criticisms, brilliant essays, profound speculations, and with whatever of interest may be found in science, literature, morality and religion. While they are the acknowledged representatives of certain principles in politics, they are far from being grossly partisan.

The *Edinburgh Review*, in point of age at least, is first on the list. Everybody knows that it was established by Jeffrey, Brougham and Sidney Smith for the purpose of combating the ruling Tory power, which was carrying everything before it with a high hand. Sustained by the force of brilliant intellect,

which have met with such approval in his own city. Among these we may mention as especially noticeable the bust of Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher, the father of Henry Ward Beecher and Mrs. Stowe, reproducing, most faithfully, the strongly-marked features of that venerable clergyman, and the bust of Mr. George S. Hillard, author of 'Six Months in Italy,' in which the meditative temperament, and the expression of intellectual refinement and of fastidious taste, reveal the hand of an artist familiar, not alone with 'the outward form and pressure' of his subject, but also with 'the visage of his mind.' A medallion head of Edward Everett is an excellent likeness of the distinguished 'laudator of Washington,' and is pronounced by good judges superior to Powers's bust. There is also a reduced copy of Mr. Jackson's bust of Professor Longfellow, together with a charming statuette of a child, in which a little tired boy, apparently of three summers, is represented sleeping, with his beautifully-formed limbs extended in quiet repose, though the expression of innocent slumber and oblivion seems blent with a shade of rather precocious thoughtfulness. The photograph, however, of the sculptor's Cupid Stringing his Bow adds to the same excellences an air of infantile enjoyment more in accordance with the popular type of the character. Altogether these productions of Mr. Jackson's plastic genius commend him to the attention of those who are interested in his art. They may be seen during this and the coming week at the studio of Mr. Nichols, in the studio building, No. 15 Tenth street."

Jane G. Swisshelm, formerly of Pittsburg, now editor of the *St. Cloud* (Minnesota) *Democrat*, delivered a lecture in St. Anthony on the 15th ult., by request of the Anti-Slavery Society of that place. Her subject, "Woman and Politics," offered a fine field for the display of her peculiar genius. The lecture drew a crowded house, and was so well liked that she was invited to repeat it at Minneapolis. In giving an account of these meetings in her own paper, she says:

"From the beginning of our public career, some of our nearest relatives, as well as many friends, have fancied we had some talent for public speaking; and as we have ever held that gifts are the measure of responsibilities—that each individual will be called to account for the improvement of every faculty—we have lived in a cowardly dread, lest, at some time, we should find out that we could, face to face, 'plead the cause of the poor and needy.' The destruction of our press here brought the revelation we dreaded; for we found that we had no more hesitancy in talking to as many people as could get within hearing distance than in talking to one, and that there was something very comforting in looking on a sea of human faces, and noting the tides of human sympathy while asking compassion for the poor and needy.

"So, when a Committee of the Anti-Slavery Society of St. Anthony wrote, asking us to deliver one of a course of lectures there, we were glad to consent, and chose as our subject 'Woman and Politics,' as best giving a reason for the hope that is in us, and as affording the best plea for urging upon women their duty towards those outraged children of a common God who are bought, sold and bartered, as the brute which perisheth, by the government which they are obliged to support and compelled to obey.

"The people manifested their approbation of the very, very unpleasant truths we felt called upon to tell them in very plain language. We cannot but hope that some will think more seriously of their responsibilities in view of the political iniquities which are sweeping over our country like a flood of desolation.

"If the people could be brought to feel that amongst those who are bought, sold and robbed of all things in our Southern chattel market, are many of whom Christ shall say, 'Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it not unto me,' there would very soon be a stay to the floodtide of oppression.

"It has ever appeared to us that Anti-Slavery lecturers do not generally use the higher law with the force and directness it ought to be used, while very many permit the enemy to use both it and the Constitution as though they were engines of oppression. In that field which claims the Bible and the Constitution as panoplies of human rights, the laborers are so few that the humblest may do something; and even we may fill a niche which would otherwise be vacant. It is therefore probable that, in future, we may use the voice of speech, as well as the voice of the pen, in advocating the cause whose success appears to us necessary to the salvation of our country and the world, as by that means we may hope to reach many that would otherwise be inaccessible."

POLITICS.

Col. Wm. H. Gist was elected Governor of South Carolina, by the Legislature, on the 10th inst.

The Hon. James Chestnut, the newly elected Senator from South Carolina, is understood to be favorable to the line of policy marked out by his colleague, Senator Hammond, in the speech we lately published. In other words, he is of the conservative, in opposition to the extreme fire-eating, school. He is said to be a lawyer of eminent ability.

A Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun* says:

"It is understood here that things have been so fixed in respect to Senatorial seats from Massachusetts that the Legislature of that State will proceed to elect Gov. Banks in place of Mr. Sumner, unless the Paris physicians pronounce him capable of attending to his proper duties as Senator. Mr. Wilson is to have a reelection."

A project is on foot for bringing forward Senator Crittenden as a candidate for the Presidency. The speeches lately made by the Senator in this city were, no doubt, part of a programme agreed upon by the wire-workers. The intention is to ignore the slavery question and smother "agitation" by the fierce screaming of the American Eagle. The private arrangements for a meeting in Washington of the friends of this movement have, through some indiscretion, been exposed to the public, in consequence of which the project is likely to fail.

The chance of the President's lackey, Tom Florence, for retaining a seat in the next Congress would seem to be rather dubious. The Philadelphia correspondent of *The Tribune* says:

"The notice served on Tom Florence by his competitor, Major Ryan, avowing his intention to contest his seat in the next Congress, is one of the ugliest documents the former has recently seen. Florence claims to have been elected by 331 majority, but Ryan says this is not true, and that a majority of 480 was given to himself. He charges all kinds of frauds in the voting, and in some cases that the election officers conspired to hold a fraudulent election and to make fraudulent returns, and that they completed the fraud by signing a certificate which they knew to be false. He says these frauds were practiced in four out of the five Wards. If proved, they are quite sufficient to oust Florence; indeed, if only half proved, they will do quite as much. I have no doubt Ryan will succeed. It was known before the polls opened that cheating was to be done, and Ryan and his friends were extremely vigilant at every precinct. Florence's organs now intimate that if Ryan fails to sustain his charges, he must expect to answer before a jury; but if he succeeds, Mr. Buchanan's last and only Congressional prop in this region will be knocked from under him."

The removal of Senator Douglas from the chairmanship of the Committee on Territories, where he had so long been the subservient tool of the Slave Power, and the appointment in his place of Senator Green, the champion of Missouri border ruffianism, has made considerable sensation among politicians of all parties. The removal, it is confidently asserted, was dictated by the President. Mr. Douglas's recent efforts to propitiate the South have given serious offence to many of his Northern friends, while they have utterly failed to avert the hostility of the Administration. On the announcement of the result of the election in Illinois, Mr. Douglas's chance of securing the Democratic nomination for the Presidency in 1860 was thought by his friends to be better than that of any other man; but his tour at the South has damaged his prospects, insomuch that it is now said to be his intention to declare, publicly, that he is not and will not be a candidate. Meanwhile, it is suspected by many that President Buchanan, by influences which his official position enables him to exert, will prevent Mr. D.'s reelection to the Senate.

Lord Napier, it is stated in the English journals, is about to be recalled. His toadyism of the Slave Power has disgusted the friends of freedom in Washington, who will not regret his departure. The correspondent of *The Tribune* says:

"The social and political influence of the English envoy, such as it is, has been given unmistakably to the side of the slaveholders. Though known to have expressed, in private, his contempt for the peculiar institution, when surrounded by his own countrymen, he has, nevertheless, judged it expedient, as a matter of policy, to seek to conciliate the South, and to disarm the slaveholding interest of its hostility to England and its dread of English interference against slavery. He seems to have become impressed, very soon after his arrival in this country, with the most unnatural idea that the real power of the American government was wielded by slaveholders, and to have paid court to them accordingly.

"He has turned the cold shoulder to the Republicans here, and last session expressed his approval of the Lecompton policy of the President. His leanings in this respect were very different from those of Sir William Gore Ouseley, whose anti-slavery sympathies were strong and well known—a circumstance which sufficiently accounts for the virulence with which he is assailed by the pro-slavery presses of the capital.

"Lord Napier's pro-slavery proclivities have done mischief among us, by encouraging the diplomatists of the South in their insane notion that, in case they secede from the Union, they can obtain the alliance and the protection of England. An English minister, careful only of the interest of his own country, and therefore not averse to fomenting our own domestic difficulties, might deem it politic to encourage this delusion, though he knew, as undoubtedly Lord Napier knows, that however indifferent the English aristocracy may be on the question of slavery, the deep-settled convictions and feeling of the great middle class of England on the subject are such that no Administration would dare to enter upon an alliance with the slave States in hostility to the free States of this country. It may safely be assumed that, in the event of a separation, or an attempt at separation, England would not touch the slave States with a forty-foot pole.

"The general opinion here seems to be, that if Lord Napier has been recalled, it is in consequence of the disapprobation of his own government for his pro-slavery affiliations. Hints to the effect that his opinions on affairs in this country were not in vogue at home have been in circulation for some time. Nothing, however, is really known on that point."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

AGE OF CHIVALRY. Part I. King Arthur and his Knights. Part II. The Mabinogeon; or, Welsh Popular Tales. By THOMAS BULFINCH. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. New York: Sheldon & Blakeman.

This book will delight that large class of readers who love to linger over the shadowy legends of ancient times. The tales of Chivalry are the treasure-house of poetic material for modern bards, and, fictions though they are, they doubtless present a clear picture of ancient manners and customs. The author, in his preface, says:

"These legends are so connected with each other, so consistently adapted to a group of characters strongly individualized in Arthur, Launcelot and their compeers, and so lighted up by the fires of imagination and invention, that they seem as well adapted to the poet's purpose as the legends of the Greek and Roman mythology. And if every well educated young person is expected to know the story of the Golden Fleece, why is the guest of the Sangreal less worthy of his acquaintance? Or, if an allusion to the shield of Achilles ought not to pass unapprehended, why should one to Excalibar, the famous sword of Arthur? * * * It is an additional recommendation of our subject that it tends to cherish in our minds the idea of the source from which we sprung. We are entitled to our full share in the glories and recollections of the land of our forefathers, down to the time of colonization thence. The associations which spring from this source must be fruitful of good influences; among which not the least valuable is the increased enjoyment which such associations afford to the American traveller when he visits England, and sets foot upon any of her renowned localities."

The publishers have given the work all the advantage of clear type, firm white paper and elegant binding. The illustrations are hardly worthy of such a book.

THE NEW PRIEST IN CONCEPTION BAY. In two volumes. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Newfoundland is the scene of the story unfolded in these two beautiful volumes—a story founded upon the peculiar relations existing between the Roman Catholic priesthood and the female sex, and illustrating the peculiar manners and customs of simple-hearted fishermen and their families. The writer is understood to be the Rev. R. T. S. Lowell, Rector of Christ Church, Newark, N. J., an elder brother of Prof. J. R. Lowell of Cambridge. The interest of the story is absorbing, the characters are well drawn, and the sketches of natural scenery such as will give pleasure to every lover of the beautiful. The plot is unfolded naturally, though somewhat too slowly, and the style is that of a man of wide culture and refined taste. The publishers have put the work in an elegant dress—an evidence not only of their good taste as bookmakers, but of their confidence that the public will endorse their estimate of its value as a permanent addition to our literature.

THE BANKS OF NEW YORK: Their Dealers, the Clearing-House, and the Panic of 1857. With a Financial Chart. By J. S. GIBBONS. Thirty Illustrations by Herrick. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Mr. Gibbons, out of the treasures of his own experience and observation as a bank officer, has made a very interesting book upon a subject which readers generally would pronounce dry and unattractive. The principles which underlie the organization of banks, and all the mysteries of their management, are unfolded, not in dull, didactic phrase, but in a series of dramatic sketches, evidently drawn from life, and possessing in no small degree the charms of fiction. The lights and shades of the business world, the hopes and fears, the trials and temptations of the merchant, are depicted with great distinctness. It is a book, in short, which every man of business will find not only interesting, but useful.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for November reviews Buckle's History of Civilization, and, while criticising it in some particulars, admits it to be a work of extraordinary merit. The author, it says, "possesses *almost* every qualification for his great work." "We have met with no book for a long time which we have read with so much interest, from which so much information and so many novel views are to be derived, or which is altogether so worthy of a studious perusal." "No book lays hold of the attention more powerfully, and few reward it more amply." We have in the same number a continuation of Bulwer's story, "What will he Do with it?" a biographical sketch of the eloquent and eccentric Edward Irving; and Part III. of "The Light of the Hearth." L. Scott & Co.'s American Reprint, 79 Fulton street.

"THE PRINTER" is a monthly paper, in quarto form, the object of which is suggested by its title. It is a repository of matters interesting to those who follow "the art preservative of all arts," giving, from time to time, historical memoirs of the progress of printing, in all its various branches, from the earliest times, recording all new discoveries and inventions, and containing biographical sketches of the eminent men of the craft. The influence of such a paper in elevating the standard of mechanical taste among the printers of the country must be considerable, and we hope it may have a wide circulation. Published at No. 1 Spruce street, by Henry & Huntington. Price 10 cts. single number; $1 a year.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW (L. Scott & Co's American edition) for October contains the following papers:

1. Publications of the Arundel Society.
2. Horace and his Translators.
3. Wiseman's Last Four Popes.
4. James Watt.
5. The Roman at his Farm.
6. Sir Charles Napier.
7. The Past and Present Administration.

The biographical sketch of James Watt is a noble tribute to the great inventor, and gives us a clear view of his character and achievements.

POOR AND PROUD; or, the Fortunes of Katy Redburn. A Story for Young Folks. By OLIVER OPTIC. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. New York: A. D. F. Randolph.

WALTER SEYTON; a Story of Rural Life in Virginia. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. New York: A. D. F. Randolph.

KARL KEGLER; or, the Fortunes of a Foundling. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. New York: A. D. F. Randolph.

These are all good books for children, containing graphic pictures of life in simple language and conveying sound moral instruction in the way best calculated to make a permanent impression. We commend them to those who are seeking holiday gifts for their little friends.

BOOK-KEEPING BY SINGLE ENTRY. For Common Schools. Adapted to Payson, Dunton & Scribner's Combined System of Penmanship, By L. B. HANAFORD, A. M., and J. W. PAYSON, Principals of the Boston Mercantile Academy. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. New York: Sheldon & Blakeman.

The peculiar feature of this book is, that those portions which are to be written by the learner, are engraved in imitation of real *manuscript account-books*; so that the mechanical part of book-keeping is taught by example. The advantages of this over the printed form must be evident to every teacher.

A WILL AND A WAY. Tales translated from the German of T. MICHEL and AUG. MORITZ. By TRAUTMANTEL. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman & Co.

Here is another collection of stories for children, which we can heartily commend. The titles are these: I. Tailor and Fiddler; II. Patience Removes Mountains; III. The Benefactor's Portrait; IV. The Ways of Providence; V. The Gardener's Daughter. The illustrations, with their brilliant coloring, will please the children.

SEEDTIME AND HARVEST. Tales translated from the German of ROSALIE KOCH and MARIA BURG. By TRAUTMANTEL. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman & Co.

In this little volume we have four pleasant stories for children, with the following titles: I. The Picture; II. Country Cousins; III. The Inquisitive Boy; IV. The Little Ragman. The book is a suitable one for a holiday gift or for the Sunday School library.

THE FREEWILL BAPTIST QUARTERLY for October (just received) contains eleven articles, which, if not quite equal, as literary productions, to those which find a place in the organs of some of the older sects, do yet illustrate the progressive spirit of the denomination of whose views and principles it is an exponent. The seventh volume will commence with the January issue. Dover, N. H.: Freewill Baptist Printing Establishment. Price, $1.50 per annum.

LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON. Written for Children. By E. Cecil. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. New York: Sheldon and Blakeman.

The principal events in the life of Washington are here related in such a way as to inspire admiration of his noblest traits in the minds of the young. The writer, in enumerating those acts of the Father of his Country which illustrate the nobility of his character and make his example worthy of imitation, mentions the fact that "BY HIS WILL HE FREED ALL HIS SLAVES."

THE LITTLE PILGRIM, edited by "Grace Greenwood" and published once a month by Leander K. Lippincott; Philadelphia, is a capital paper for children. The sixth volume will commence with a holiday number for January, in which will be commenced a new and original story, "The Fairy Godmother," by Mary Howitt. Terms 50 cts a year; five copies for $2.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 759, contains the first of a series of "Sketches and Studies in Russia," from *The National Magazine; Blackwood's* review of the Life and genius of Edward Irving; "Marriage as in France," a capital story from *Titan;* also several brief articles and some excellent poetry. New York: Stanford and Delisser.

THE RECAPTURED AFRICANS OF THE 'ECHO IN LIBERIA.—The U. S. steamship Niagara has returned from Monrovia, where, on the 30th of October, she landed the Africans rescued, some months since, from the Echo, on the coast of Cuba, and taken into the port of Charleston, by the U. S. brig Dolphin. About 70 of the poor creatures died on the voyage, leaving about 200 to be placed in charge of the agents of the Colonization Society in Liberia. The Liberians are not exactly satisfied with the conduct of the Colonization Society in making such an addition to their population without once consulting them. A correspondent of *The Tribune*, writing from Monrovia, says:

"As the American Colonization Society has no special contract with the Liberian Government, the people of Liberia think that the Society have no right to send among them such a class of people, until they have consulted and contracted with the Liberian Government. They think that more properly the Government of the United States and the Liberian Government should be the contracting parties. The President and Cabinet have met and considered the matter, but what has been their conclusion has not transpired. It is, however, believed that the Government of Liberia is not favorable to the course which the Society has pursued, but in this they waive their objections, and intend to insist that the Society fulfil her stipulations with the United States Government to the letter."

The same writer gives us this bit of information:

"While the Niagara was landing the Africans and their stores, news arrived here that another French emigrant vessel, a fellow of the 'Regini Cceli,' was lying off beyond Cape Mount, landing goods and taking in slaves. Her British Majesty's steamer Electo was in the harbor at the time, and her commander kindly offered to assist our Government in preventing an infringement of our Revenue laws. Our Government despatched the Attorney-General on board the Electo to this scene of French traffic. They overhauled the Frenchman, and he refused to be boarded by the Liberian official, but afterward came to terms, and protested that it was not his intention or purpose to trade in Liberian waters; that his instructions were to trade beyond the jurisdiction of Liberia, and that he had made a mistake. He promised to desist from all intercourse with the natives on shore until he should receive further orders from a French man-of-war, soon to be here. I hope we shall receive some assistance to repel these invaders."

CENTRAL AMERICA.—The steamer Washington, which left this port lately for Nicaragua, with several hundred passengers, who expected to cross the Isthmus and take a steamer on the Pacific side for California, was not allowed to land her passengers at San Juan, the Nicaraguan government fearing that they were filibusters, pretending to be bound for California when they intended to stay in the country for revolutionary purposes. The Washington, while in the port of San Juan, was boarded by British Naval officers, at the request, doubtless, of the Nicaraguan government, which certainly had a right to ask and receive protection from Great Britain if it saw fit. Nicaragua, in taking this course, violates no valid contract, and the steamship company were censurable for taking passengers for a route which they had no assurance would be open to travel. Some violent politicians contend that Great Britain, in affording protection to Nicaragua at the request of the latter, has committed an outrage upon the government of the United States, for which she should be called to account. There are rumors from Washington that the President is about to take some important step in the matter, and other rumors to the effect that he is not inclined to provoke a war with Great Britain upon such an issue. The filibusters are, of course, much excited, declaring that the British lion ought at once to have his eyes scratched out by the American eagle.

THE NEW YORK ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR, under the management of Mrs. Gibbons and other ladies, opened in Lyric Hall, 765 Broadway, on Monday evening last, and had not closed when we went to press. The display of articles was very attractive, and, in spite of the execrable weather on the first two days, the sales were such as to afford ground for encouragement and congratulation.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH

NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION ANNIVERSARY.

THE undersigned, who have, for so many years, done what they could to promote the ANTI-SLAVERY CAUSE, financially and otherwise, through the medium of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, will, as usual, hold their (twenty-fifth) Anniversary at the close of the year, with the same purpose of still further strengthening the beneficial influences of that Society, moral, religious and political, for the extinction of slavery.

At the beginning, before the principles of the cause were understood, we could not, with the slightest hope of success, ask of the public, whose affair it is no less than our own, direct contributions of money. We therefore devised an Annual Bazaar for the sale of contributions of articles; and it afforded an opportunity of great usefulness, both financial and social, to the cause.

But the changed state of the public mind now suggests greater directness in the method and increase in the usefulness of this anniversary; and we propose, this year, to give our usual sums and take up our accustomed collections by direct cash subscription; and we entreat the friends, both at home and abroad, who have been wont to cooperate with us, to do the same, nothing doubting the result will much exceed the sum ($3,000) raised last year.

To our Southern friends we present this prospect with increased hope of their cooperation in consequence. For, as none better than they know what slavery and the daily increasing risks of its tenure are, so none have a deeper concern in seeking the most effectual means of putting an end to this common sin and suffering of our native land.

The money we have annually raised has been hitherto employed to sustain the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, the organ of the American Anti-Slavery Society. But, following the recent indication of the Executive Committee, in making individual efforts to place that paper on a self-supporting subscription basis, we shall enable them to devote the result of our *joint* financial effort to sustain eloquent and faithful lecturers, now so much needed, and in far greater numbers than heretofore.

By this plan we may accomplish double the amount of service to our cause, and thus furnish its friends and our own with a two-fold motive to continue and increase their contributions.

No words from us at this late day are needed to stimulate a *prudent* generosity by description of all the means that go to change the mind and the heart of a great nation on the central question of its policy; or to kindle a *sublime* one by commendation of a cause identified with every thought that is ennobling and holy, with every hope that is august and magnificent, with every memory that is precious and sainted, with every idea that is consoling and beautiful, with every effort that is enlightening and beneficent, with every association that history, or poetry, or patriotism, or philanthropy, or Christianity, or life or death, have sanctified and blessed.

We cordially and respectfully invite the members and friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society, *the world over*, to meet with us at the close of the year (time and place named hereafter), to receive our subscriptions, our good wishes and our thanks; and to unite with us on an occasion which, as the end of one quarter of a century of labours and the beginning of another, will be of no ordinary commemorative interest and prospective significance to THE CAUSE.]

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,
MARY MAY,
LOUISA LORING,
ELIZA LEE FOLLEN,
L. MARIA CHILD,
HENRIETTA SARGENT,
ANNE WARREN WESTON,
MARY GRAY CHAPMAN,
HELEN ELIZA GARRISON,
SARAH SHAW RUSSELL,
FRANCES MARY ROBBINS,
CAROLINE WESTON,
MARY WILLEY,
SARAH BLAKE SHAW,
SUSAN C. CABOT,
LYDIA D. PARKER,
ELIZA F. EDDY,
ABBY FRANCIS,
SARAH RUSSELL MAY,
ABBY KELLEY FOSTER,
SARAH H. SOUTHWICK,
EVELINA A. S. SMITH,
ANN REBECCA BRAMHALL,
AUGUSTA G. KING,
ELIZABETH VON ARMIN,
ANNA SHAW GREENE,
ELIZA H. APTHORP,
MATTIE GRIFFITH,
MARY ELIZABETH SARGENT,
ANNE LANGDON ALGER.

WANTED.—The *First*, *Second* and *Seventh* Reports of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY; also, the following Reports of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, viz., The *First* (1833). *Second* (1834). *Fourth* (1836). *Fifth* (1837). *Sixth* (1838). *Seventh* (1839). *Twelfth* (1844) and *Thirteenth* (1845).

Our readers and friends, who may have any of the above numbers to spare, will confer a favor upon the Anti Slavery Cause by sending such to the office, 21 Cornhill, Boston, to the care of SAMUEL MAY, Jr. If desired, a fair price will be paid for several copies of each Report.

The Massachusetts Spy (Worcester), now 87 years old, has passed from the hands of Messrs. Earle and Drew to those of Messrs. Foss and Farnum. John Milton Earle, who has had the chief control of the paper for upwards of thirty-five years, though withdrawn from the proprietorship, will still be connected with the editorial management. Mr. Foss has had much experience as an editor, having conducted for many years, with rare judgment and tact, the Woonsocket (R. I.) *Patriot*. The *Spy*, under the new arrangement, will no doubt be one of the best general newspapers in Massachusetts. In politics it is Republican, with a stiffer backbone than some its contemporaries.

"OUR MUSICAL FRIEND" is the title of a weekly publication, containing sixteen pages of the best piano solos, duets, songs, operatic airs, polkas, quadrilles, waltzes, and every other species of composition for voice and piano. The price is 10 cents a number; $5 a year. Seymour & Co., 13 Frankfort street.

Summary.

Elder Jonas Hartzel, of Davenport, Iowa, has entered upon a mission, the object of which is to deliver a series of lectures on the moral aspects of slavery.

The Rev. J. W. Kelley, of the South Carolina Conference, states, in a published letter, that in one Church in that State the colored members meet one-third of the expenses of the parish, giving from $1,000 to $1,500 annually.

Rev. Dr. Bushnell, of Hartford, Ct., in a recent volume, says: "Satan, or the devil, taken in the singular, is not the name of any particular person; neither is it a personation merely of temptation, or impersonal evil: but the name is one taken up by the imagination, to designate, or embody in a conception the mind can most easily wield, the all or total of bad minds and powers."

President Barnard, of the Mississippi University, publishes a long statement, the object of which is to prove that the University is conducted on correct principles, and not, as is charged, "as a mere Yankee trick." So far from the prevalence of a Northern sentiment in the Institution, that President states that five members of the Faculty are of Southern birth, and one has never visited the North.

M. Von Humboldt, it seems, is pestered by a Boswell. A Berlin letter to the Boston *Journal* says: "A German litterateur, of much dull learning and duller industry, has taken upon himself to be Humboldt's biographer, without having any special qualifications for the task. He has attached himself, burr-like, to Humboldt, and will not be shaken off. Every word from the old man's lips, every letter he writes, is eagerly caught up and chronicled or filed away by the German Boswell."

THE MOUNT VERNON FUND.—The School Committee of Boston have refused the request of Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis to be allowed to address the public schools and solicit contributions for the Mount Vernon fund. It is suggested, with how much truth we cannot say, that this ungallant conduct arises from resentment to certain passages in her novel, "The Barclays of Boston," reflecting on the society of "The Modern Athens."

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—While several States have made strenuous efforts, of late years, to abolish capital punishment altogether, the Legislature of Georgia is now endeavoring to extend this penalty to other crimes than murder and arson. Two bills have been introduced, with a view to make both night burglary and robbery by force capital offences; but each has failed in the Senate. They have, however, been amended so as to make the punishment twenty years in the penitentiary, at the discretion of the Court.

The Paris correspondent of the Boston *Traveller* tells another story of M. Lamartine's affairs: A few days since it was announced here that M. de Lamartine had sold one of his still remaining properties for the sum of 750,000f. ($150,000); this statement has just been contradicted by the great spendthrift poet, who says he has not sold the property for that amount, it being worth much more. Now the being a beggar, and having property worth nearly a quarter of a million, is about the nicest specimen of beggary that I ever heard of, and I dare say many of your readers would like to be so miserably provided for.

TOBACCO AND RUM IN THE NEXT WORLD.—HOW THE SPIRITS GET THEIR LIQUOR.—In a lecture at Dodworth's Hall, a few evenings since, Judge Edmonds said of spirits in the next world:

"I once had a spirit come to me who had been addicted to the use of tobacco, and the first want he experienced on entering into a spiritual existence was a desire for that. I had an interview with a spirit who was a drunkard while living here, and he asked me for drink. I asked, 'What good would ardent spirits do you now?' and he said, 'I can drink it through you.'"

The railway carriages constructed for the Pope are about to be exhibited in the Champs Elysées. They are so arranged as to form a sort of terrace, an ante-chamber, a throne-room and a bedroom. The throne-room is magnificently fitted up, and is decorated with paintings by Jerome, representing the Church seated between St. Peter and St. Paul, the four Evangelists, the Pope blessing a railway, &c.; also, with a figure of Christ on the Cross by Toussaint. The bedroom has blue hangings, and is ornamented with a painting of the Immaculate Conception, by Millet. The exterior of the carriages is tastefully decorated with objects in bronze.

Prof. Neumann, the orientalist, of Munich, writes to the Illinois *Staats Zeitung* that he is disgusted with European governments, under which an independent man can neither speak, write nor act as he pleases; and that but for his advanced years (60) he should emigrate to the United States. He adds: "Even arts and science form only a part of our slavery. They are supported to draw us away from life, from politics; for only that dare make its appearance which pleases our mighty patrons, our 'Protectors,' as our dirt-eating Magisters and Doctors call them, and which advances their despotic inclinations. You may easily imagine that, with such a drift of our ideas, I often curse the life that we have to lead, and wish to be in America."

The Peninsular *News*, a free paper recently established at Milford, Delaware, is laboring faithfully for the interests of that State, as distinguished between freedom and slavery. It is an able, out-spoken journal, and must produce a revolution in the minds of the intelligent men in that State, who continue to hold slaves. Nor will its influence be confined to Delaware alone. It must reach the counties along the Eastern Shore of Maryland, and prove productive of good in that quarter. It is something to print a free paper in a slave State, and the man who has the nerve to combat so great an evil deserves encouragement and support.—*Del. Co. (Pa.) Republican.*

The bark Holmes, which sailed for Liberia a few days since, took out, in frame, a complete Episcopal church, for Cape Palmas, for the mission under the charge of Bishop Payne. When erected, this building will contain six hundred persons, and will cost about $5,000. The Sabbath-School children of St. George's, under the rectorship of Dr. Tyng, have been instrumental in the building of this church edifice. Only two passengers go out in the Holmes, as she is not calculated to take more. A new vessel, belonging to the Republic of Liberia, will sail from this port about the middle of January, and will take out a number of emigrants.—*Tribune.*

VOICE OF A CHILD.—In the course of some remarks on the insufficiency of the prevailing belief, or unbelief, the Rev. Mr. Higginson told a story of Harriet Beecher Stowe and one of her little girls which is noteworthy. The little girl, he said, came to her mother one day and asked her if it was ever right to get angry? "Oh, no, of course not," was the answer. "But," said the little girl, "it says in the Bible that God is angry with the wicked every day." "Oh, that is another thing; he is obliged to be angry." "What, God *obliged*! I thought he couldn't be obliged to do anything." "Yes, he is, according to his holy law; you will understand it when you get older; you must wait till then." The little child wanted an answer; then she was quiet and thoughtful for a minute, and then, with a bright look, she said: "O, mother, I understand it now; it's because God isn't a Christian."—*Tribune.*

YOUNG LADY BURNED TO DEATH AT OBERLIN, OHIO.—Miss Abbie Summers, of Livonia, Livingston County, N. Y., who has been connected with the Female College at Oberlin, was most shockingly burned on Friday, Dec. 3. She had gotten somewhat behind her class and retired to her room to study, and sat up very very late till the fluid was exhausted in her lamp. Thinking she might again need a light, she attempted to fill the lamp. As is too often the case, the fluid caught fire and she was instantly enveloped in flames; she rushed, screaming, into the hall, but the occupants of the other rooms, thinking there were burglars in the house, in their alarm fastened their doors upon her, and the poor girl ran down into the basement before any one came to her relief. It was then too late, and, although all was done that could be, she died in about 15 minutes. The occurrence spread a gloom over the whole village, and the exercises in the College were suspended.

There were three ways open to Mr. Buchanan of supplying the Press here with copies of his Message. One was to send it to them all at the same time and on an equal footing. Another was to give the *Herald* a copy in advance and leave the rest to look out for themselves. A third was to *promise* it to all upon an equal footing, and then give the *Herald* a special copy. Either of the first two modes would have been open and above-board. Of course neither of them was taken by Mr. Buchanan. He pitched upon the third as the mode most congenial to his taste and most likely to accomplish the end he had in view. Mr. Buchanan has a holy horror of taking a straight-forward course in anything. It is not statesmanlike. Any fool can be honest; can say what he means and do what he says. But to say one thing and mean another—to promise one thing and do its opposite—to cheat ten men for the sake of purchasing one—these are exploits requiring genius. They fulfil Mr. Buchanan's notion of statesmanship. He has practised upon this theory from the day of his accession. Every friend who helped him into office has incurred his hatred and felt his resentment. Wise and Walker, Stanton and Forney, are standing monuments of the intrinsic treachery of his nature and the indomitable falsehood of his character.—*Times.*

ALLEGED ATTEMPT TO KIDNAP.—Yesterday afternoon, as a smart, active colored boy, about 18 years of age, named Jeremiah Simpson, was passing through South street, he was accosted by a runner, who proceeded to charm his fancy by descriptions of foreign lands, the delights of a sailor's life, &c. The result was that Jeremiah concluded to try a short sea voyage in the direction of Liverpool, and went to the office of B. T. Pinckney, No. 187 South street, corner of Rose's Gelt, where he signed shipping papers on the ship Jeremiah Thompson, and went on board that craft, which was to start at once for Liverpool, as he was informed. Meantime an order for his half-pay had been sent to his mother, who presented it at the shipping-office, where it was declared to be bogus. His mother at once concluded that the whole affair was an impolition, and that there was a design not only to cheat her boy out of his wages, but to kidnap him to a Southern port and sell him. Complaint was made to the Mayor, who despatched Sergeant Birney to look up the matter. The sergeant obtained the assistance of the Harbor Police, and boarded the ship. On making known his errand, the boys were ordered up on deck, when it appeared that the crew was composed entirely of colored boys, the only white men on board being the mates. None of the boys had free papers, and the ship, instead of being bound for Liverpool, was to sail to-day for Mobile.

The Sergeant of the Harbor Police says that he has frequently known ships to sail for Southern ports with colored crews, and has noted it as a remarkable fact that none of the crews ever come back.

Simpson was taken before the Mayor, who gave him free papers, and set him at liberty.—*Tribune, 9th.*

Intense excitement has been occasioned at Fulton City, Ill., by an outrageous assault committed by two unknown men upon Mrs. Forest, the wife of a respectable mechanic. At the time of the assault, her cries were stifled by a cloth, thickly coated with mud, which was laid over her face. The worst of the case remains to be told. Mrs. Forest was near confinement, which the outrage hastened, and, in the presence of the ruffians, she gave birth to a living child. It cried violently. The mother heard one of the wretches say to his fellows, "Let us kill the d—d brat"; and, accordingly, one held it, while the other severed the head from the body. This sight was before the eyes of the victim, whose struggles had freed the upper portion of her face from the covering. She saw her infant cut to pieces, and then she was left alone. She says she fainted, but recovered her senses, how long after she knows not, and, regaining her feet, commenced painfully dragging herself homeward. The ruffians have escaped.

FAILURE TO CONNECT ON THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD—TEN RUNAWAY NEGROES CAPTURED.—A day or two ago one or two parties called at the office of the United States Marshal, in this city, to obtain information concerning the negro slaves that had run away from Mason County, Ky., a few nights previous, and were nowhere to be found. It was supposed they had come here, and were concealed in this vicinity; but while plans were formed for recovering the fugitives, intelligence was received of their capture at a point near home.

It appears that a free negro woman, residing in this State on the Ohio river, nearly opposite Maysville, had made an arrangement with the slaves to leave their master; had, indeed, influenced their minds with a desire for freedom, and taught them the best means of escape. They were to come, at a certain hour of the night, to a certain point on the river, where the woman's husband was to be in waiting with a skiff, and bring them safely to this side; the woman herself crossing over to lend her personal aid to the enterprise.

The boat and the man were there, but the negroes missed the locality, getting about a mile below the point, and not knowing what to do in the unexpected emergency. While they were in this perplexed condition, a party of Kentuckians who were on their trail suddenly came upon them, took them all captives, and carried them back to their masters. The Kentuckians afterward arrested the free negress, and lodged her in jail, whence, it is supposed, she will be sent to the penitentiary for life. Her husband made good his escape.

The slaves had concealed themselves, according to instructions, for nearly two days after their flight, in which they would have been perfectly successful but for their topographical blunder, by which their master saved $8,000 or $10,000.—*Cincinnati Inquirer, Nov. 14.*

SLAVE TRAFFIC AT THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.—

BY A. GREEN, AUCTIONEER.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.—I will, in pursuance of an order of the Orphans' Court for the District of Columbia, sell at public auction on Friday next, November 19th, at 12 o'clock m., in front of the Jail, to the highest bidder for cash:

1 Negro Woman and 3 Children.
1 " and 2 "
3 likely Boys, from 14 to 19 years of age.

ABSALOM A. HALL,
Administrator of Jacob Hall.

No15-5*

Thus discourses *The Evening Star* of this Capital city, in its advertising columns on the 18th ult. Where are the weeping glorifiers of the "Compromise Measures" of 1850, who saved their country and preserved, nay, embalmed forever the Union at that eventful crisis of our history? Men who glorified that "Omnibus Bill," and shook each other's hands while pearly tears of sympathy upon their cheeks attested their relief and sense of safety? Was not the overthrow of the auction sale of slaves in this District one of the aforesaid Compromises? Was not the human auctioneer himself manacled one of the passengers of that huge Omnibus load? How then comes it about that these two colored mothers and their five baby children are on an auction-block in front of the *jail*, in sight and almost hailing distance of the Capital of our Christian country? Those "three likely boys," too—what have they done? Ah! I have forgotten that they were subject to the tender mercies of the "Orphans' Court" of this District! It must be the dictate of humanity, or an *Orphans'* Court would not have sent the "likely boys" to the block. Why did they not get the Tract Society administrators to give a wider publicity to this benevolent work of the "Orphans'" Judge? If it is a Christian work and duty, then let us forthwith have a tract from the proper sources upon the "Duties of Orphan Judges" to sell mothers and their babies, and "likely young boys from fourte

Miscellaneous Department.

For The Standard.

TO THEODORE PARKER.

I.

WHAT epic e'er was nobler than thy life,
Thou hero of the modern chivalry, who fight'st
'Gainst sin and error, as in times of old
The knights went forth to slay the dragons fierce,
And giants dread, that hapless men oppressed
And wasted smiling fields and cities fair.
So against Slavery and Intemp'rance dire,
And bloody War, thy ever ready lance,
With sharpened point, is levelled firm and true.
No shape of wickedness is spared by thee,
O noble Champion! no toils dismay,
No dangers fright thy heart, that never swerves
From the clear path of duty. All mankind,
The Present and the Future, owe to thee
Eternal gratitude. Thou break'st the chains
That old Opinion bound around our minds,
And bidd'st us look in freedom up to God.
Such lives as thine indeed are wondrous poems,
Epics that all the coming time shall read,
And read with reverent love. Thy "Iliad"
Is glorious victory over deadly sin,
Freed souls are thy "Jerusalem Delivered,"
And a pure heart thy "Paradise Regained."
O may we strive, with ever earnest hearts,
To write such poems with *our* days and years,
That in the record of the ages, we
May not as voiceless, careless souls be found,
But Poets, "makers"—singing brave of Truth
And Love, that in the end shall conquer all!

II.

We hear that thou art sick and suffering;
The brain that thought, the hand that wrought so well,
Are idle now; but thy great heart still beats
With sympathy and love to all the world.
How round thy couch must throng the visioned forms
Of those thy heart and hand have aided! See,
They come! The poor, the ignorant, the slave,
Fleeing from out the Southern prison-house,
The desp'rate sinner, friendless but for thee,
And all the hearts thy burning words have strengthened:
O noble Soul! so loving and so wise,
Unnumbered hearts shall bless thee—and we pray
That health and strength be soon restored to thee,
And that the life may long be spared that thou
Dost consecrate to Freedom, Truth and Love.

A SLIP BETWEEN CUP AND LIP.

CHAPTER I.

SOME one has demanded, I really forget who, how it is that so many cobblers have become wonderful men. I will just mention two, who, though dead, are still exercising a silent and a mighty influence upon Christendom—Jacob Behmen and George Fox. Newton himself "ploughed with Behmen's heifer"; and so we owe, indirectly, the greatest scientific impetus of the modern world to a theosophizing shoemaker. The great William Law, the spiritual father of John Wesley, and of the Methodist movement of the last century, and—as some say—of the Anglo-Catholic movement of this century, confessed that the humble Jacob was his true teacher. If so, we owe the two greatest religious impetuses of modern England to a poor Christian cobbler.

If this were to be an essay upon wonderful shoemakers, I think I could add a list which would be really surprising. However, it is not to be an essay upon wonderful shoemakers, but merely the transcript of one episode out of the life of a certain poor honest journeyman cobbler, by name William Griffin, and out of the life of his betrothed sweetheart, Anne Moss.

William Griffin and Anne Moss had been engaged since she was fifteen, and he twenty years old. Great poverty, a drunken father, the death of her mother, and the necessity of independent work, had made Anne a thoughtful little woman long before she had reached the age called womanhood—a fact which I feel it necessary to state, as the prudent reader might otherwise stop during the relation, to say over to himself, or herself, three or four sober old proverbs concerning the evil of very early engagements, and the ignorance of their own minds supposed to be generally characteristic of young girls; with which proverbs I most cordially agree, reserving the right of exclusion from all their conditions to Anne Moss alone. For it, as a certain spasmodic poet has said, we are to count life by heart throbs, not by minutes, why, then, our little Anne could reckon up heart-throbs enough at the age of fifteen to attest her right to all the honors, privileges and considerations of fifty.

Anne was a little less than fifteen when she took the place of a maid-of-all-work. This exchange of her miserable home for domestic service was merely an escape out of the fire into the frying-pan. Both of them were a fiery trial to the poor girl; but the latter burnt a *little* less fiercely. For, although her mistress never beat her, never swore at her—while her father frequently did both—because the lady had not heat or passion enough in her nature for such violent exercises, yet she made the little servant's life very bitter to her by her infinite applications of "Thou shalt not." Everything that was humane, natural, pleasant, or desirable, had this waving before it, like the flaming sword, to keep off Anne's eyes, hands, and longings. Above all, she was allowed no followers. Mrs. Darah, having never—she thanked goodness—been in love herself, considered love the most ridiculous folly and delusion under the sun. Even if it might be indulged in by people who had time and money for it, it certainly was not fit for servants. She was often heard to say that love made more thieves than malice or selfishness did; destroyed cold meat more rapidly than fly-blows; and would empty a larder quicker than a whole hungry family. She had had servants with huge appetites, and servants with lovers; she found both expensive; but the latter the worse; for even if their own appetites were ordinary, their lovers' were usually exorbitant.

In spite of these restrictions of her mistress, Anne met William very often. They managed to have walks together, to betroth themselves to each other; and after five years' steady love, under great difficulties, to fix at last a wedding-day; she by that time being twenty, and he twenty-five.

During these years of courtship, they had both worked very hard, and saved some money. William's situation was as good as his sweetheart's was unpromising. Indeed, he always thought, and almost hoped too, that Anne must need nearly every farthing of her scanty wages for her dress. The proud youth delighted himself with the belief that she was dependent upon him; his love was pleased with the fancy that he should bestow everything on her, and receive nothing from her in return. He intended to set up a small shop of his own, and begin an independent business with his wedded life.

But the long self-reliance of his sweetheart had made her too proud to think of entering a home to which she contributed no tangible goods. It was kind and loving of William, she said, and like him, to declare that "if she had thousands, he should like her none the better." She should like to have thousands, just to give them to him. Yet, since she had not the income of a duchess or of a banker's heiress, she would do what she could towards enriching him with the income of a poor little servant-maid. She kept a secret stocking for her few, far-between and hardly earned guineas. When William talked of anything he had bought, or contemplated buying, the loving maiden inwardly smiled with her delight at the sly, unexpected additions to his comfort and pleasure which it was her intention and in her power to add.

William's work was ten miles from his sweetheart's; so he had a walk of twenty miles whenever he wished to see her. He could afford this only once a week—namely, on Saturday evenings; for then he could sleep at a tavern, spend some of the Sunday with Anne, and return at night, to be in time for the work of the new week.

CHAPTER II.

It so fell out, between the second and third asking of the bans, that our little heroine was taken ill. Her cold mistress, having tried in vain to dissuade her from what she called the false step of marriage, believed every relative duty to be snapped between them by Anne's persistent refusal to continue a spinster. So soon, therefore, as she found her useless, she sent her away.

"You would make a convenience of my house, Anne Moss," she said. "You would stay under my roof, although you have already given me warning—fancy a servant giving warning, indeed—now, you will find your mistake. I don't know what your future husband may be—*I* am not rich enough to keep sick people and idlers. I think you will remember till the day of your death what a good mistress I have been. All the servants who have left my situation have wished themselves back again."

Anne attempted in a meek spirit to discover and imagine all sorts of benefits received by her from Mrs. Darah. It was a hard and microscopic task; however, she succeeded in it at last.

"I am sure, missus," she said, "I thank you heartily for all your kindnesses."

"It is no more than your duty, Anne," answered the lady, with a gratified smile and folding of the hands.

"No, missus. And if you see a young man walking about here on Saturday, looking up and down at the house, ma'am, would you be so very kind, ma'am, as to send the new servant and ask him if his name is William Griffin; and if it is William, ma'am, to ask him to go to my father's, and I will send him word where I am, ma'am?" And Anne waited, trembling and blushing.

"Anne Moss, I can't think how you dare to take such a liberty with me and my house," answered her mistress. "I have always warned you of the folly and unfitness of young women, who have their living to get, keeping lovers. You know that my servants are not allowed to have followers; and it is most likely that I shall send an officer after the young man, instead of my servant, if I see him prowling up and down, looking into these windows." So the girl left, dispirited.

Poor Anne feared to go and live with her drunken father, lest she should be insulted by any of his low associates, and lest he should be tempted to lay his hands upon the little store she had laid up for her William and herself. So she was obliged to seek a lodging in the town, where she could live decently until that day next week, when William would take her as his wife to her first and last real home.

The misfortune she most dreaded—namely, the dissipation of her little capital—began the moment she had left her mistress's house. To save expense, she made up her mind to carry her own trunk to her lodging. She tried to do so; but she found herself too weak. She was obliged to hire a carrier; and that involved a dip into "William's money," as she delighted to call it.

So that the dip might be as shallow as possible, she engaged a lad instead of a man for her porter. But before they had half reached the quarter of the town where Anne's lodging was situated, his boyhood began to evince itself in a very visible manner. He panted, and drew long breaths, and perspired greatly, and now and then stumbled under the weight. His pride tried to hide these signs. He endeavored to stimulate himself with the thought of his payment; but his efforts at self-encouragement came out very plainly in certain noises, and in his unconscious compression and biting of his lips. The tender-hearted lass espied them; she could not endure to see him so vexed and inconvenienced; and so, for the rest of the way, she insisted on bearing half the weight.

When she had arrived in her room, and had dismissed her young porter, and sat down to rest herself, she began to feel the bitter results of her efforts with the heavy trunk. She was very ill when she started; she was now ten times worse. Her head ached fiercely; her breath was short, audible, and gasping; her whole body was parched and feverish.

She called her landlady into the room, and asked her for a little cold water. The woman had counted on providing a supper for her; as she heard her stay was to last only a week, she meant to make the week a paying one, so she had prepared some twopenny or three-halfpenny sausages, which were even then figuring in her mind's bill of fare at sixpence apiece. In rather a disappointed tone, therefore, she asked Anne if she should bring her nothing to eat. The poor girl said she was sure she could not swallow anything. The landlady said she had some beautiful new-laid eggs—they were a kind that wonderfully cured headache and fever; indeed, she told her that if any of her neighbors were ill in that way, they always came and begged for one of these eggs. Anne was credulous, and did not doubt her landlady's possession of the medical hen which laid such eggs; but Anne was also resolute—no one could persuade her out of her own methods. She said that she felt a good long sleep was what she needed the most, and that she should at once go to bed.

But although she went to bed, she could get no sleep; all the long night she was tossing restlessly over and over. She remembered that William had promised, if he could get away, to call on her two or three times before Saturday, for which a friend had promised to lend him a horse and cart. She began to picture to herself his astonishment when he heard that she was gone, and she wondered if her mistress would relent, and be communicative. She made up her mind that, so soon as the morning had come, she would lie in wait for the new servant, as she went out shopping, and beg her to watch for William; and if he called, to tell him where his sweetheart had removed.

But, when the morning came, she knew nothing of purposes and resolutions; she was in a brain-fever, talking and rambling wildly.

The landlady wondered that she saw or heard nothing of her at breakfast; and going up to look after her, found her in that frightful condition. The woman neither knew what money she owned, nor where she came from, nor what connections she had. She sent for the parish doctor. He ordered a nurse for her immediately: so the woman of the house took upon herself to examine the maiden's trunk and pockets, counted out the time which she could keep her and a nurse for her without injury to herself, out of Annie's little store; and at once offered the place to a personal friend a few doors off.

For three weeks our poor little servant-maid lay unconscious of her condition, at the rough mercy of these two cormorants. Their negligence prolonged her illness. At the end of that time, the greater part of her hard-worn capital was cruelly dissipated.

CHAPTER III.

Unhappy William Griffin, her natural protector, knew not all this time what had become of his darling. Two days after she had left the place, he was walking up and down before the house in his usual manner, hemming and coughing. He had never been so long at that exercise before. He concluded that Mrs. Darah was detaining Anne, or was in the way somehow; or that Anne was mischievously prolonging the pleasure of hearing her lover's signals, remembering that it was nearly the last time that she should do so forever; so he hemmed and coughed louder. But still no one answered with a merry mocking hem and cough. No bright eyes suddenly peered above the blind; no round head gave him a series of short, sharp nods, indicating whether he should stay or depart.

"Well," he said to himself, "she is now more mine than her mistress's; I will knock at the door." He did so, and was prepared to see either Anne or Dame Darah herself; but he started when the door was opened by a new servant. The truth flashed upon him at once. Mrs. Darah had done with his Anne, and would not keep her, even on the ground upon which she undertook to stay for the coming week—namely, food and drink, but no pay.

The new maid could not inform him where his Anne had gone. She said that she had never seen the old servant, for her mistress gave her to understand that she was not good for much, and invited young men there, and that it was her—Mrs. Darah's—invariable custom to see the old servant safely and clearly out of the house before she admitted the new one, saying that "if they only laid their heads together for five minutes, they were sure to corrupt each other." William uttered a strong and angry word or two, said he wished his Anne had left the day her time was out, bade the maid good-night, and departed. He went off at once to her father's. He found the miserable man sottish and maundering; he was incapable of being moved by the news of his daughter's departure, and as incapable of giving any clue to her present whereabouts. William ran down from the besotted creature's room, and found himself under the dark sky, not knowing whither to turn for his Anne. He went round to all the shops where he had ever known Anne to call. At each place they could only tell him that they had not seen her for the last three or four days, and that another young woman now came on Mrs. Darah's errands. He exhausted all the time allowed him in this fruitless search. When he came to the place where he was to meet the friends who had promised to give him a lift on the way home, he found them gone; he had arrived too late — he had to walk the ten miles alone, a miserable man, giving himself up to fears, to bemoanings, and once or twice to anger, to wonder, and even to suspicion.

Every evening, for a week, William walked twenty miles, from his work to the town and back, seeking his sweetheart, regularly visiting her father and that same series of tradesmen on whom he had called the first night of his loss. But he received no tidings, good or bad. Sometimes he felt that even bad news would be better than none, for the hope of any *good* explanation of her marvellous disappearance often died out for hours together. Still he persevered in his inquiry.

At last the young men, in one of the shops he was wont to call at, began to speculate upon his case. When he entered, they winked and smiled, and whispered to one another. They said they could very accurately perceive *what was what*: she had jilted him; but he was too great a booby to believe it. One or two of them asked if it would not be a true kindness to suggest *this* explanation to him.

They agreed that it would; and they did so. He answered with such scorn and passion, with such a violent assertion of his Anne's faithfulness, with such a fire and flash in his eyes, and with such threats against any one who should vilify her unjustly, that the suggesters wished they had let the subject alone.

At the end of the week, on the day which was to have been their wedding-day, while Anne lay tossing over restlessly, and talking wild nonsense, he came into the town to settle in his own house and shop. As night after night he returned alone to the house he had bought and furnished for another, still without news of her, he took forth from his memory the suggestion of the young shopmen; he laid it out, so to speak, before him; he turned it over and over; he looked at it in every light, on every side; he began to admit its possibility; and at last, in a morbid mood, he half believed it.

His shop was still unfinished, and he spent his time mainly in travelling hither and thither, seeking stock for it. But he went about all business poorly, with a heavy and half-broken heart. It seemed a mockery to him to be making such preparations. He did not believe he should live to use them. He did not want to do so. For the mystery of Anne's departure, her terrible silence, and this gradual, but surely excusable, admission into his heart of suspicion of her faith and love towards him, plucked all the zest and purpose out of his life. It was for her sake he had worked submissively as a foreman so many years; for her sake he had stinted himself in dress, amusement, indulgences of all kinds, and found delight in such sacrifices. Every cut of a saw, every blow of a hammer or mallet, every coat of paint, every boot and shoe, in his shop, held in his own mind some relation to her comfort and prosperity, as a part of that household of which she was about to be the daily sunshine; the source and centre of all its light and warmth and pleasantness; the measure of its work and rest.

CHAPTER IV.

At last Anne came to herself; in a little while she rose from her bed in good health. But she was quite penniless. Her greedy attendants had disposed of every mite of her little fortune; even her wedding-clothes had gone into the nasty hands of the pawn-brokers for medicine, food and lodging.

She felt ashamed, the proud lass, to send after William, or let him see her as she was. She got a little employment as a charwoman, at one house and another, through the recommendations of the Sisters of Mercy and the parish clergyman, who were themselves too poor to give her any other help. But she kept from them the story of her love and betrothal, and, by doing so, kept peace from the aching heart of her William; for the priest and the sisters, had they known it, would at once have sent her off to him, or have fetched him to her.

She made up her mind to continue cheerfully at charring, until she could repurchase some of her good clothes. She would then visit William, make known her condition to him, confess all the story of her savings, and the sad way in which it was lost, and steadily insist upon the wedding being put off until she had removed her uneasiness, and regained her sense of independence by recovering at least some part of her former wealth. Her disposition was all compact of cheerfulness and hope. Whenever she had found anything broken, instead of standing over it crying, she had looked to see if it could be mended; if it could, she set about mending it; if it could not, she tried to procure another thing of its kind.

So she dealt with her own broken prospects, just as she had been used to deal with her mistress's broken china. She kept her mind fixed upon their restoration. This hope gave her great zest and eagerness in her servile work. She never let herself remember that the time had come in which, except for her misfortune, she should have been a bride and a mistress of a household; but she set about her dull actualities as if no such bright possibility had ever belonged to her. She looked forward to the glory of that moment when she should again find her head at rest on the dear shoulder of her William. She went to her work singing, she came from it singing. She said to herself: "To *think* would destroy me; I shall never be able to recover myself if I ponder on my loss and my present state."

Thus she kept up a fever of counter excitement by shutting out of her thoughts all truth which might excite her—the truth of her own loss, the truth of William's astonishment and pain. Whenever she found her mind inclining to the realization of his sufferings, she would sigh and grieve; but the moment the echo of her sigh struck athwart her consciousness, she arrested herself. "This will not do," she would say; "it will be all the better afterwards; our happiness will more than make up for our misery." She never waited in quietness of spirit, and calmly analyzed or probed these ill-digested, hasty deductions. If she had done so, she would have espied a monstrous residuum of "proper pride" underlying all the other elements of her reluctance to see William as she was. If she had done so, she would have seen what wretchedness, doubt and despair she was sowing in the true heart of her William. When that quakerly impulse sprung up in her, she scrubbed, or walked, or hummed more vigorously; if a tear for William started into her eye, she used it as mercilessly as her sighs, and brushed it hurriedly away. She felt that if she looked at the present, she should be weakened, and do nothing. It was only by keeping the end before her that she could find spirit and moral sinew for work. And whilst she was at work, her efforts raised a dust round her which hid everything but those efforts.

But where was the need of all this? what was the end of her eager and incessant strivings? Would William love her the less for having suffered and lost all? Would he love her the less for having but one gown, and that an old and ragged one? for having shoes with holes in them? for being penniless? She knew him better; she knew that he never suspected she had a farthing of her own. She knew that the thought was a delightful one to his open, generous nature, as it made him feel himself the supplier of all her needs. But the little maid was vain. She had tasted the sweet, pernicious, intoxicating draught of false independence. The draught gave her stimulus for her work. In a few weeks, she had made enough to redeem her best new dresses, her shoes, and other articles of dress, and to pay her standing debts.

William, in the meantime, not having, like Anne, any insight into the causes of her mysterious absence and silence, could not, as she did, find solace, excitement and delight, in looking forward. On the contrary, the future was his most bitter thought. His disappointments lay there. All the glory of his life was behind him—gone by forever. And even that past glory, since suspicion and the present appearance of things had begun to cloud it, lost all its golden worth. It had been no *true* possession. It was miserable to think that, even when he was most happy, he was only so by being ignorant of the truth, by trusting in heartless and well acted deceit. Before him, he could see nothing but unescapable misery; in the present, his thoughts exercised themselves worryingly on the *causes* of Anne's strange departure, until, by slow processes, not without, as he conceived, two ocular proofs, he admitted the awful and maddening conclusion that she was dishonest and unfaithful.

The first ocular proof was as follows: One dark foggy night, going from the station to his home, after a dull day, all through which his body had been taken up by business, but he himself by the fiery vexation of his thoughts, a shape rushed by him which startled him, it was so like Anne. He would almost have ventured an oath it was her. Without thinking, he pursued the figure. It turned down some darker street, and was lost in the fog. The other glimpse he had of it deepened his persuasion that it was really his affianced bride whom he had seen. "Whose is she now? What relation to those she chooses in preference to me?" He went home with these thoughts burning at his heart.

Still he determined with himself that he would not be unjust. He fought a brave hard battle with his suspicions. The faith of his heart in Anne strove against that testimony of his senses, and overcame. He concluded that his senses had deluded him. But he also concluded that if Anne were in the town, and could keep herself from him at a time when she was so sacredly bound, it must be because she had some other lover. But he found this hard to believe. The very memory, almost the taste, of her last kisses rose to contradict it. He could not persuade himself that those kisses were deceitful and counterfeit.

A few days after, as he was walking slowly along, musing gloomily over this mysterious blow, he chanced suddenly to look up, and saw the sunshine fall upon a shape which he had now no doubt of. He saw it was Anne who hurriedly turned the corner at the end of the street. He was determined to stop her and upbraid her; he felt in a moment half strong enough to fling back in her face the love of long years. On second thoughts, however, he resolved to discover where she was living, and for whom and for what she had broken her faith. He noticed that her clothes were very ragged and ill-looking; perhaps already she had begun to earn the wages of unfaithfulness by being cruelly used. He kept at a moderate distance behind her, slinking and hiding between intervenient persons. In this way he followed her through several streets; but, turning suddenly in a more crowded thoroughfare, as he was straining forward eagerly to keep a glimpse of Anne at the distance, quite regardless of what was near, a burly dustman ran against him. He stumbled and fell. When he sprang up again, he could see nothing of that soiled bonnet and torn dress his eyes had been so steadily pursuing. Alas! he thought to himself, what matters it to find where she is, what she is doing. Plainly she was in the town; near him, yet not caring to see him; trying to conceal herself from him. Her very rags, perhaps, were but a disguise.

He felt so faint and bewildered that he had to stumble into a tavern and call for some brandy. As he sat still there, looking the awful changes of his life in the face, he made up his mind to depart out of the country. A map of New Zealand hung on one side of the fire, a view of Otago on the other. He talked with two men in the room about emigration. The old town of his youth, the theatre now of such a mockery, seemed to grow hateful to him. He talked with these men until they persuaded him to emigrate. But it was not the golden visions of wealth which they set before him that tempted him; he was impelled by the strong desire to burst all his present trammels. He hardly knew whether his pride and indignation would save or his sense of loss destroy him. He made up his mind to get rid of everything—shop, and house, and business, at once.

In two hours' time—having made an appointment with the men for the next day—he returned to his shop. Two or three painters immediately came up to him with inquiries. Would he have the shutters painted green? or grained like oak? or picked out with different colors?

He pushed by them, answering: "Oh, anyhow."

The men looked confused. Experience had taught them that anyhow was always wrong. One of them advised oak.

"I don't care the least how the shutters are painted. I shall never see them, I hope. I shall sell the shop, and go off in a day or two to New Zealand."

The men fell back, and stared at one another. They looked at him again, as doubting whether or no he was drunk, or had begun to grow insane through his troubles, which all of them pretty accurately knew. The master determined to present his bill, and insure payment. William said that he would pay him immediately. While watching the painter make out his bill, his young apprentice came whistling into the shop. After a little while, he said to William:

"Have you seen the person in the parlor, sir?"

"What person? No," said he.

"There was one came for you an hour ago," said the lad, "and she told me she should wait until you came in."

William gave a murmur, a sigh, and pushed his way gloomily through the workmen, and implements, and packages into the room at the back of the shop. Some one fell back as he did so. Ah! through the little window betwixt the shop and parlor, Anne has been watching him ever since he came in. Her heart lashed her with pain and woe as she saw the thin figure and pinched, altered face, and felt that *she* had made him so meagre and so white. She leaned on the sill and sobbed. She dared not go through to him, for she feared the scene of their meeting in the open gaze of the workmen.

Nor shall I describe that scene here. It was a long while before either of them could realize its truth, and particularly before William could. He asked if he had not passed her one night in the fog. She answered yes, and that the night and the early morning were the only times she dared go out, she so dreaded meeting him. He asked her if he had not seen her that very day, three hours ago. She blushed, and pointed to her dress. William looked down at it; it was a silken one. She told him she was rushing to fetch it out of pawn on purpose to visit him, and explain herself, when he perceived her that morning; and then she added all the story of her illness and penury, with many tears and prayers for forgiveness. William was so thankful that he wondered what he could have to forgive. Her proposals to regain her little capital, "just for vanity's sake," he would not listen to, but demanded as the only penance that they should be married before any more separations were possible. He called on the emigration agents—who said he was a very fickle man—and broke off his negotiations; but as a kind of recompense, he invited them to eat, drink, and dance at his wedding.—*Chambers's Journal.*

For The Standard.

MENE! MENE!

SPEAK not to me of power that builds its throne
On outraged rights; for it shall pass away:
Yea, though its empire stretch from zone to zone,
And bathe in endless day!

Even when the mirth is loudest, shall the wine
Grow bitter, and the shivered wine-cup fall;
For in that hour shall come the Hand Divine,
And write upon the wall.

Weep, if thou wilt, sad seer! thy land's decay;
Weep, if thou wilt, the hopes that shall expire;
Weep, if thou wilt, the wearisome delay
Of earth's august desire;

But weep not ever-during Truth as fled,
Though deserts howl where once her temples rose;
Nor weep for Freedom, dreaming she is dead,
Fallen amidst her foes:

For God remains alway; and to the Truth
Shall incense stream from many a grander fane;
And, in the blinding glory of her youth,
Freedom shall rise again.

JOHN A. DONGAN.

TIDINESS.

IF you, my reader, get up in the morning, as you are very likely to do in this age of late dinners, somewhat out of spirits, and feeling (as boys expressively phrase it) rather *down in the mouth*, you cannot tell why; if you take your bath and dress, having still the feeling as if the day had come too soon, before you had gathered up heart to face it and its duties and troubles; and if, on coming down stairs, you find your breakfast-parlor all in the highest degree snug and tidy—the fire blazing brightly and warmly, the fire-irons accurately arranged, the hearth clean, the carpet swept, the chairs dusted, the breakfast equipage neatly arranged upon the snow-white cloth—it is perfectly wonderful how all these will brighten you up. You will feel that you would be a growling humbug if you did not become thankful and content. "Order is Heaven's first law"; and there is a sensible pleasure attending the carrying of it faithfully out to the very smallest things.

Tidiness is nothing else than the carrying into the hundreds of little matters which meet us and touch us hour by hour the same grand principle which directs the sublimest magnitudes and affairs of the universe. Tidiness is, in short, the being right in thousands of small concerns in which most men are slovenly satisfied to be wrong. And though a hair's breadth may make the difference between right and wrong, it is not a little difference. An untidy person is a person who is wrong, and is doing wrong, for several hours every day, and though the wrong may not be grave enough to be indicated by a power so solemn as conscience (as the current through the Atlantic cable, though a magnetic current, is too faint to be indicated by the machines now in use), still, constant wrong-doing, in however slight a degree, cannot be without a jar of the entire moral nature. It cannot be without putting us out of harmony with the entire economy under which we live. And thus it is that the most particular old bachelor, or the most precise old maid, who insists upon everything about the house being in perfect order, is, in so far, cooperating with the great plan of Providence; and, like every one who does so, finds an innocent pleasure result from that unintended harmony. Tidiness is a great source of cheerfulness. It is cheering, I have said, even to come into one's breakfast-room and find it spotlessly tidy; but still more certainly will this cheerfulness come if the tidiness is the result of our own exertion.

And so I counsel you, my friend, if you are ever dispirited about some example which has been pressed upon you of the evil which there is in this world; if you get vexed, and worried, and depressed about some evil in the government of your country, or of your county, or of your parish; if you have done all you can to think how the evil may be remedied; and if you know that further brooding over the subject would only vex and sting and do no good; if all this ever should be so, then I counsel you to have resort to the great refuge of tidiness. Don't sit over you library fire, brooding and bothering; don't fly to sugar-plums, they will not avail. There is a corner of one of your fields that is grown up with nettles; there is a bit of wall or of palisade that is out of repair; there is a yard of the edging of a shrubbery-walk where an overhanging laurel has killed the turf; there is a bed in the garden which is not so scrupulously tidy as it ought to be; there is a branch of a peach-tree that has pulled out its fastenings to the wall, and that is flapping about in the wind. Or there is a drawer of papers which has for weeks been in great confusion; or a division of your bookcase where the books might be better arranged. See to these things forthwith: the out-of-doors matter are the best. Get your man-servant—all your people, if you have half-a-dozen—and go forth and see things made tidy; and see that they are done thoroughly; work half-done will not serve for our present purpose. Let every nettle be cut down and carried off from the neglected corner; then let the ground be dug and levelled, and so with grass seed. If it rains, so much the better; it will make the seed take root at once. Let the wall or fence be made better than when it was new; let a wheelbarrow-full of fresh green turf be brought; let it be laid down in place of the decayed edging; let it be cut accurately as a watch's machinery; let the gravel beside it be raked and rolled; then put your hands in your pockets, and survey the effect with delight. All this will occupy you, interest you, dirty you, for a couple of hours, and you will come in again to your library fireside quite hopeful and cheerful. The worry and depression will be entirely gone; you will see your course beautifully; you have sacrificed to the good genius of tidiness, and you are rewarded accordingly. I am simply stating phenomena, my reader. I don't pretend to explain causes; but I besitate not to assert, that to put things *right*, and to know that things are put right, has a wonderful effect in enlivening and cheering. You cannot tell why it is so; but you come in a very different man from what you were when you went out. You see things in quite another way. You wonder why you could have plagued yourself so much before. We all know that powerful effects are often produced upon our minds by causes which have no logical connection with these effects. Change of scene helps people to get over losses and disappointments, though not by any process of logic. If the fact that Anna Maria cruelly jilted me, thus consigning me to my present state of single misery, was good reason why I should be snappish and sulky in Portland-place, is it not just as good reason now, when, in the midst of a tag-rag procession, I am walking in Chamouni after having climbed Mount Blanc? The state of the facts remains precisely as before. Anna Maria is married to Mr. Dunderhead, the retired iron-monger with ten thousand a year. Nor have new arguments been suggested to me beyond those which Smith good-naturedly addressed to me in Lincoln's-Inn-square, when I threatened to punch his head. But I have been up Mont Blanc; I have nearly fallen into a *crevasse*; my eyes are almost burnt out of my head. I have looked over that sea of mountains which no one that has seen will ever forget: here is my *alpen-stock*, and I shall carry it home with me as an ancient palmer his faded branch from the Holy Land. And though all this has nothing earthly to do with my disappointment, I feel that somehow all this has tided me over it. I am quite content. I don't grudge Anna Maria her ferruginous happiness. I am extremely satisfied that things have turned out as they did. The sale of nails, pots and gridirons is a legitimate and honorable branch of commercial enterprise, and Mr. Dunderhead, with all that money, must be a worthy and able man.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

THE SONS OF ROBERT BURNS.

From The Boston Transcript.

LIVERPOOL, Friday, Oct. 23, 1858.

* * * Last night, Thursday, Mr. T. gave a dinner party, which I enjoyed so much, as you will believe when I tell you that I went to the dinner-table on the arm of Colonel Burns, son of the celebrated poet, Robert Burns, and sat next to and conversed with him all dinner time. Next but one to him sat "Willie" Burns, the eldest son of the poet—that is, older than his brother, Colonel Burns, although the *latter* appears to be very much older; he seems quite infirm, but tells me that he will be 64 years old only next month—his hair is white as snow, and his hand trembles much. His brother (the older of the twain) is much stouter, his hair not gray, and his step firm. I can hardly believe yet that he is the older, although Colonel Burns assured me that *himself* was the younger. He spoke of his father, of his mother, of Scotland—had lived in India near thirty years, never during that time having had a day's sickness. He talks of and sings his father's songs. He sang the air which Robert Burns wrote to his mother, a very sweet thing, and "John Anderson my Joe."

I felt so anxious to send you their autographs that, when I found we were to meet them, I told W. *we must get them.* He was detained at the office, and had only time to stop at a book-store, where they had not such a copy of Burns as he wished to send you, and he said he did not like to ask them to write on a piece of paper merely. Mr. T. had a "Burns," and they each wrote in it and signed their names. We took our copy (which he said he would send you), and they wrote the same in that. Col. Burns further took up a piece of paper, upon which he wrote a verse; I immediately made up my mind to secure it, and thought to myself—now if I can only manage to get their names to *that*, I shall be all right. The coveted paper was laid upon the table, and I made up my mind that as chance offered I would seize it, when W. stepped up, took it, and placed it in the book, at the same time giving me a very knowing look.

Dinner was announced, and Col. Burns gave me his arm. After dinner, when the gentlemen had returned to the parlor, Mr. Aikin, whom the Messrs. Burns are visiting, was talking with me. (Mr. Aikin's father was Robert Burns's most intimate friend; Mr. A. is Col. and Willie Burns's most intimate friend; and Mr. A.'s daughter Annie and Col. Burns's daughter Annie are most intimate friends.) I got up and took the book off the table, and took from the book *the* piece of paper, and said to him, "Now, if I only had their signatures, how glad I should be. Mr. H. has their autographs, but I want them for myself also. Mr. A. called out, "Here, Willie Burns." The old gentleman came over to us, and I held out the paper, saying, Mr. Burns, sign this for me; I want your writing, too—*this* is your brother's." He sat down by me, and wrote some remarks on the lines his brother had written, and signed his name; and then Col. Burns came over where we were and took up the paper, and signed *his* name too. Smiling, he looked at me for an instant, and went on making the curious hieroglyphics you will notice on the paper. I said to him, "What is that"? He replied, "James G. Burns, in Persian." He speaks the Persian language fluently. He was an East Indian officer, of a different rank from his brother, for very many years. They now live in Chittenham, having retired from the army. If Robert Burns were living, he would be 100 years old on the 25th of January next, when the Centennial Anniversary of his birth-day will take place. The older brother remembers his father's funeral, and that comprises about all his recollections of him *personally*. I shall preserve the paper and send it to you; it will be something to have and to show, which every one cannot boast of.

THE SEARCH.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

I WENT to seek for Christ,
And Nature seem'd so fair
That first the woods and fields my youth enticed.
And I was sure to find him there;
The temple I forsook,
And to the solitude
Allegiance paid; but Winter came and shook
The crown and purple from my wood;
His snows, like desert sands, with scornful drift,
Besieged the column'd aisle and palace gate;
My Thebes, cut deep with many a solemn rift,
But epitaph'd her own sepulchred state;
Then I remember'd whom I went to seek,
And bless'd blunt Winter for his counsel bleak.

Back to the world I turn'd,
For Christ, I said, is King;
So the cramp'd alley and the hut I spurn'd,
As far beneath his sojourning;
'Mid power and wealth I sought,
But found no trace of him,
And all the costly offerings I had brought
With sudden rust and mould grew dim:
I found his tomb, indeed, where, by their laws,
All must on stated days themselves imprison,
Mocking with bread a dead creed's grinning jaws,
Witless how long the life had thence arisen;
Due sacrifice to this they set apart,
Prizing it more than Christ's own living heart.

So from my feet the dust
Of the proud World I shook;
Then came dear Love and shared with me his crust,
And half my sorrow's burden took.
After the World's soft bed,
Its rich and dainty fare,
Like down seem'd Love's coarse pillow to my head,
His cheap food seem'd as manna rare.
Fresh trodden prints of bare and bleeding feet,
Turn'd to the heedless city whence I came,
Hard by I saw, and springs of worship sweet
Gush'd from my cleft heart, smitten by the same;
Love look'd me in the face and spake no words,
But straight I knew those foot-prints were the Lord's.

I follow'd where they led,
And in a hovel rude,
With nought to fence the weather from his head,
The King I sought for meekly stood.
A naked, hungry child
Clung round his gracious knee,
And a poor hunted slave look'd up and smiled
To bless the smile that set him free:
New miracles I saw his presence do—
No more I knew the hovel bare and poor;
The gather'd chips into a woodpile grew,
The broken morsels swell'd to goodly store;
I knelt and wept; my Christ no more I seek—
His throne is with the outcast and the weak.

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

THE PRINTS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—A new feature has just been added to the public galleries of the British Museum. Some of the rarest and choicest treasures of that jealously guarded corner of our public institution, called the print-room, have within the last week been arranged on screens in the lightest and most central part of the King's Library.

——MUSIC BY ELECTRICITY.—A Hungarian named Leon Hamel has recently given a concert in one of the theatres at Pesth, in which he has settled the possibility of several musical instruments being played on simultaneously by the same person by means of electricity. Five pianos being played on simultaneously by this most wonderful element in nature is a surprising feat even in these days of marvels.

——An act was introduced into the English Parliament in 1670, "that all women, of whatever age, rank, profession, or degree, whether virgins, maids or widows, that shall, from and after such act, impose upon, seduce, and betray into matrimony any of his majesty's male subjects, by scents, paints, cosmetic washes, artificial teeth, false hair, Spanish wool, iron stays, hoops, high-heeled shoes, or bolstered hips, shall incur the penalty of the laws now in force against witchcraft, sorcery, and such like misdemeanors, and that the marriage, upon conviction, stand null and void."

——THE BURNS CENTENARY.—Not only Scottish, but English and Irish literature will be worthily represented at the Alloway festival. In a note received from Lord Brougham on the subject he says "he feels as strongly as any one can the fitness of this and the other celebrations of Burns's memory, but he regrets that he shall not be able to take part in any of them, as he has no prospect of returning from the south so early as the time proposed." He adds "his very hearty good wishes for the celebration, so appropriately fixed at Alloway—the fittest spot except the chief city of Scotland, and that, of course, for general celebration."

——A UNIQUE DINNER.—Lord B., well-known for his love of everything out of the way, lately gave a dinner at the Baths of Lucca, of the following singular character: The meat, the fish, the vegetables, were all at least of two years' standing, preserved according to the plan of Mr. Appert. The table was supplied with sea-water made fit to drink by the process recently discovered; the claret had been rescued, by the assistance of a diving-bell, from a merchant vessel sunk in the Thames more than a century ago (!), and the bread was made from wheat some centuries old, which the noble lord had himself brought from one of the pyramids of Egypt, and had sown in England! The dinner gave great satisfaction.

——A PLEASANT HOUSEHOLD.—Mr. Sinclair, of Ulbster, in giving some additions to the text of his recent lecture, adds the following anecdote: "I know a lady of fortune who will not allow any work whatever to be done on the Sunday by any of her servants. The table is spread on Saturday night with a sufficient stock of food to last the whole day; coals are provided for the fires, which are all prepared for lighting; and, except in cases of illness, the bell is not once rung from morning to night; the bedrooms are never entered by the housemaids, nor the dining or drawing-rooms by the man-servant during the entire day. The family